



M e m o r i a e

1918

HENRY SEAVEY '18



Ale mortae

Eighteenth Edition of Momence High School Annual

Patriotic Edition of 1918

Dedication

To those boys, who were once a part of our High School, who are now in the Service of "Our Country," and in whom we have the utmost confidence in preserving the honor of the M. H. S., we, the Staff of 1918, dedicate this—Our Memoriae.



Roll of Honor

1—WAYNE ALLEN	17—WALTER DUBRIDGE	33—FRED MELBY
2—CLAUDE ADAMS	18—CLARENCE DUMONTELLE	34—GEORGE NICHOLS
3—RALPH BEAVER	19—VIVIAN EDWARDS	35—HILTON NICHOLS
4—MAURICE BOYD	20—OLAF FAUCHER	36—ANTHONY PARISH
5—ALBERT BURTT	21—HARDING FEDDE	37—WILL PARISH
6—HAROLD BUSCH	22—JOSEPH FINGERHUT	38—ARTHUR PITTMAN
7—ED. BUSKOWSKI	23—EVERETTE FOUNTAIN	39—AXEL PETERSON
8—JOHN BUSKOWSKI	24—GEORGE GRAVES	40—LAWRENCE REHMER
9—GEORGE CLARK	25—ARTHUR GIROUX	41—CHARLES STEVENS
10—RUBERT CONANT	26—LEONARD GORDINIER	42—RICHARD SMITH
11—HENRY CONRAD	27—GEORGE GRABE	43—JOHN SHORTRIDGE
12—ROBERT CROSBY	28—CLAY HAYDEN	44—EARL TODD (deceased)
13—IVAN CROSBY	29—GEORGE JARVIS	45—VICTOR TAYLOR
14—HOWARD DAVIS	30—ELMER JARVIS	46—EARL VIOLET
15—P. D. DENNIS	31—J. E. JENSON	47—MURRY WRIGHT
16—BASIL DEARDUFF	32—WILLIAM KOEHLER	48—HAROLD YOUNG

Foreword

It has indeed been the greatest of pleasure to us in preparing "Memoriae" for the eyes of the Public. Knowing that it represents the interior of High School life, and realizing the worth of each representative preceding ours, we have endeavored to make the Eighteenth Edition of the M. H. S. Annual their equal.

We realize the errors, herein. They are many, but the "best is not devoid of errors."

It is therefore the desire of the Staff of '18 that this book will hold a place of distinction in your memory now and henceforth, as have the Annuals of years gone by.

THE STAFF.



4—Laugh and the world will laugh at you.

Board of Education and Faculty

BOARD OF EDUCATION

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I. E. HARDY, Clerk	C. B. ASTLE
DR. E. G. GIBSON	P. J. CLEARY
MRS. PAUL DUMONTELLE	

FACULTY

T. R. JOHNSTON, Superintendent
V. T. SMITH, Principal (Mathematics)
G. A. Wells, Manual Training and Eighth Grade
MISS MABEL BOWMAN, English
MISS GRACE MAY, Science
MISS NELLE ROBERTS, Domestic Science
MISS CLARE TERRY, Commercial Course and History
MISS GERTRUDE DALLACH, Foreign Languages



6—And a little Ford shall lead them.

Names of Staff Members

Editor in Chief.....	Violet O'Connell
Assistant Editor in Chief.....	Gertrude Porter
Business Manager.....	Irene Hardy
Assistant Business Manager.....	Henry Seavey
Editor on Comics.....	Roy Hess
Athletic Editor.....	John Cook
Treasurer.....	Doris Harms
Society Editor.....	Elizabeth Jensen
Alumni Editor.....	James Lamport
Snapshot Editor.....	Ray Chatfield

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Miss M. Bowman Mr. T. R. Johnston
 Mr. V. T. Smith



10—A Ford is better than nothing

Appreciation

We are indeed grateful to the people of Momence and vicinity for their assistance to us in making it possible for us to edit our Year Book, especially to those who subscribed—teachers, pupils and friends. Also to those business and professional men who have made it possible for us to place Memoriae in the hands of our boys; we are also thankful as well to those who contributed to our advertising section.

We know the many calls for money during the past year, and feel that we are fortunate in securing so hearty a co-operation on the part of the public.

We trust that you will consider Memoriae worthy of all that you have put into it, and again we thank you.

THE STAFF.

In Memory of Earl Todd

It is fitting that the first of our heroes to give his life in his country's cause should be one whom all loved and respected, as Momence and vicinity loved and respected Earl Todd. It is not often one has the opportunity to acquaint himself with a young man in whom all the qualities which we admire most were present. A friend to all, all have lost a friend in losing him.

When he was needed, his country found him ready, and he enlisted in her Aerial Service without waiting for the conscription to claim him. Earnest in this, as he was in all his tasks, he entered into his work with great enthusiasm, thinking every day that soon he would be taken 'over there'; building his mind and preparing himself for the many obstacles and trials that were sure to confront him. But alas! It was not to be. He was called to that Place where war is unknown and where a character such as his his it's reward.

The High School extends sincere sympathy to the parents and brother and sister, for they have lost a son and brother in whom they are justly proud.

Our High School has given and will give many sons to fight for democracy, but in losing this son, a member of the Class of 1913, she has lost one whose place no other can fill.

"His words were bonds, his oaths were oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears sure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud
As Heaven from earth."

In Memory of Hazel Beyerlein

Hazel Beyerlein, member and vice president of the Freshman class, always loving and cheerful, died at her home in Momence, November 21, 1917.

"And then I think of one
Who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.



Senior

Senior Class Roll and Officers

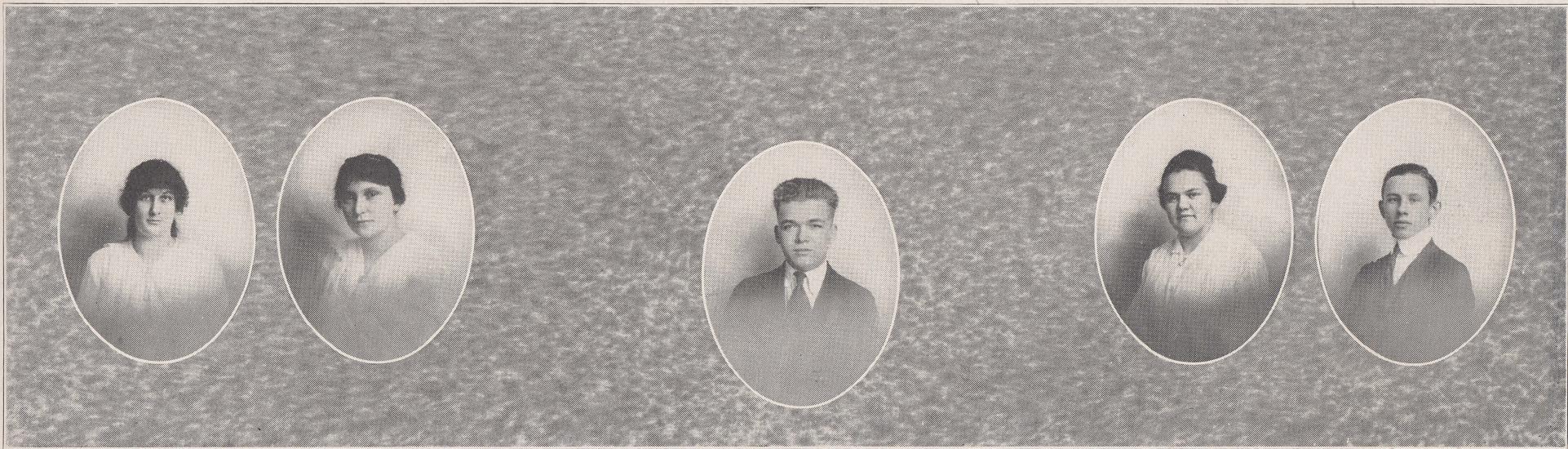
President.....	Harold McKee
Vice President.....	Alfred Horsch
Treasurer.....	Wilhelmina Fedde
Historian.....	Ruth Porter
Student Council.....	Grace Styles

Benjamin, Lawrence	Nelson, Lura
Faucher, Evelyn	Nichols, Robert
Fedde, Wilhelmina	Porter, Ruth
Hayden, Lucy	Renstrom, Lawrence
Horsch, Alfred	Schneider, Alfred
Keller, Lon	Smith, Dorothy
Lamport, Edith	Smith, Norma
Logan, Florence	Styles, Grace
Lunt, Belle	Styles, Marian
McKee, Harold	Wiltse, Willabele

Flower—Wood Violet

Colors—Violet and White

Motto: "Climb though the rocks be rugged"



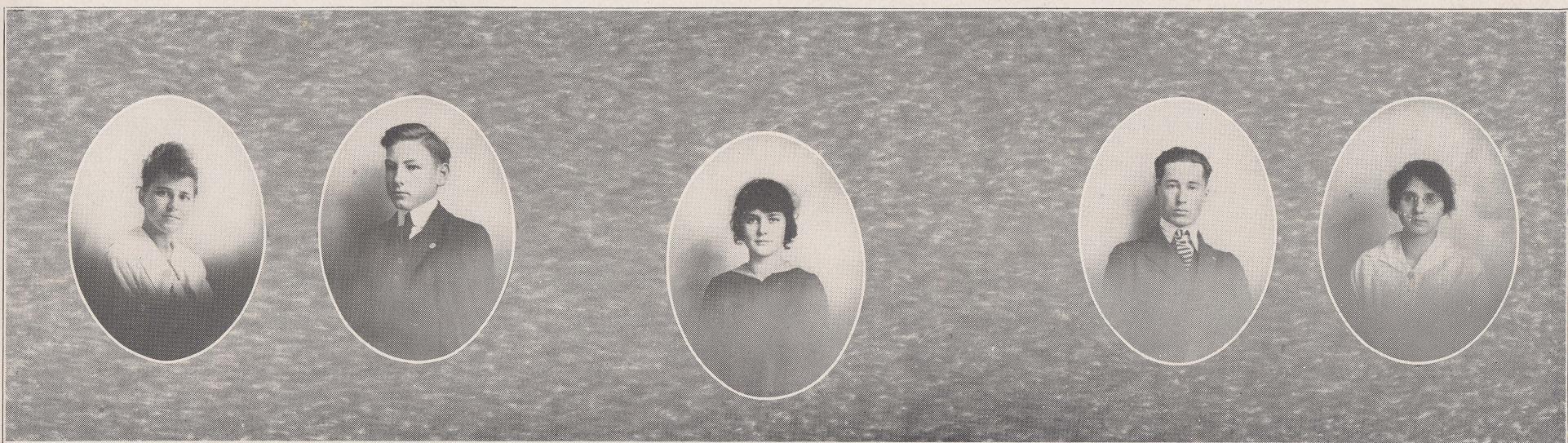
Lura Nelson

Grace Styles

Harold McKee

Marian Styles

Alfred Schneider



Evelyn Faucher

Alfred Horsch

Florence Logan

Lon Keller

Edith Lampert



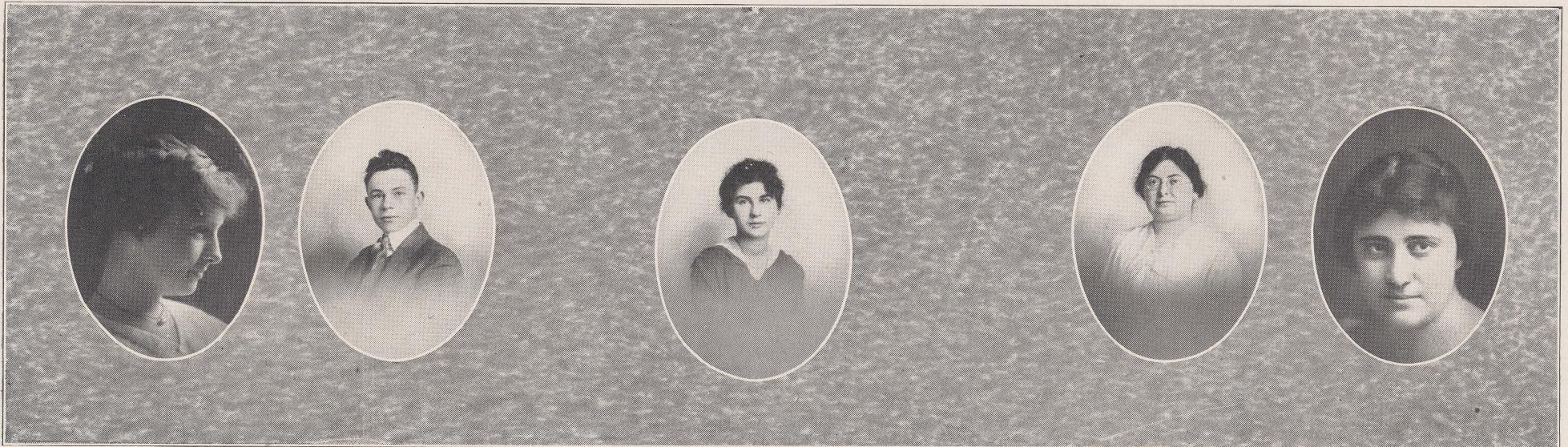
Norma Smith

Lawrence Renstrom

Dorothy Smith

Robert Nichols

Ruth Porter



Wilhelmina Fedde

Lawrence Benjamin

Lucy Hayden

Belle Lunt

Willablee Wiltse

14—Make booze while the sluggards snooze.

Destination of the Seniors

Name—	Would Like to Be—	But Only Is—
Marion Styles	Superintendent of Momence High School	Monitor Fifth Period
Edith Lampert	A Minister's Wife	A Sedate Senior
Robert Nichols	In General Pershing's Place	Drillmaster of M. H. S. Squad
Alfred Horsch	A Dancing Master	A Minister's Son
Belle Lunt	First Lady of the Land	A Senior
Lawrence Benjamin	An Ambulance Driver	A Delivery Boy
Willabete Wiltse	A Soldier's Wife	A Friend
Lawrence Renstrom	Cashier in the State Bank	The Janitor
Ruth Porter	A Great Violinist	A Member of the High School Orchestra
Florence Logan	A Movie Star	Star of the Senior Class
Alfred Schneider	Governor of Illinois	?
Wilhelmina Fedde	Head of the United States Treasury Department	Treasurer of Class of '18
Norma Smith	"Over There" as a Red Cross Nurse	An Ardent Flirt
Harold McKee	President of the United States	President of Senior Class
Lucy Hayden	Speaker on Woman's Suffrage	Entertainer of Sewing Class
Dorothy Smith	Belle of Momence High School	In Her Own Mind
Lura Nelson	A Stenographer in the White House	Mr. Johnston's Stenographer
Grace Styles	A Second Paderewski	Pianist of Music Class
Evelyn Faucher	Somebody's Sweetheart	The Same as Norma

Senior Class Prophecy

By RUTH PORTER.

After graduating, the different members of the Senior Class soon left Momence to follow different careers.

Harold, who was worn out from the presidential duties of the class, was going to travel over the country and take life easy for a while. Judging from the naps which he took in school, the class said he needed the rest.

While in New York, he visited Tarrytown, where, like Rip Van Winkle, he became lost in the mountains and lying down to rest, fell asleep. He slept for fifteen years.

Of course, upon awaking, he naturally thought of the members of his class. After much time and trouble, he succeeded in finding them.

Marian was a famous lawyer. Her argumentative ability brought her many difficult cases.

Grace, who had been Marian's stenographer, had resigned as she was about to leave on a tour of the world.

Willabele, a hopeless old maid, was running a ten cent store in Momence. She was making much money and would soon be able to retire.

Willa was superintendent of the New Momence High School, of which Lawrence Renstrom was principal. They had worked out an excellent system of education, whereby school was in session only in the forenoon and pupils always knew their lessons.

Edith was now a missionary in China. The natives admire her very much.

Dorothy and Robert were movie stars. They were out in California working out a play which would be the greatest picture production of the world.

Lon Keller and Lawrence Benjamin are living in Washington, D. C. They have received a fortune from the government for the invention of their "Trioplane" which brought militarism to a close.

Lucy, who had inherited a large fortune, went abroad after the war and spent thousands in helping the war sufferers.

Norma surprised everyone by becoming a Quakeress. She lives in Watseka.

Evelyn married the fellow who sat across from her at night school. They live in Chicago.

Alfred Schneider owns a "Packard Twelve" and spends his time driving over the country selling "Larkin's Products."

Belle is teaching school in Montana. Florence is the traveling companion of a wealthy lady.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Horsch have just returned from their honeymoon, which was spent abroad. Alfred becomes a poet. In his "Class Eulogy" he immortalizes the Class of '18.

Junior Red Cross

The appeal last March to the Momence public schools for membership in the National Junior Red Cross met with a ready response. Within ten days after the campaign was launched, the majority of the rooms reported 100 per cent, and now every room proudly displays its 100 per cent sign.

It is especially significant that practically all of the membership fees were earned by the individual pupils. Many schools have found it necessary to present a school program of some sort in order to raise the required amount of money for admission as an Auxiliary of the J. R. C. Much time and energy was saved to our teachers by requesting each child to earn his fee if possible. The enthusiasm and interest of the pupils has been a source of great satisfaction to the teachers and Branch School Committee.

Simultaneously with the organization of the Auxiliary, sewing and other work for the Red Cross was started in the schools. Gun wipes, infant and full sized hospital quilts, infants' knitted hoods, comfort pillows, and relief sewing have been the chief lines of work. Tinfoil is being

collected by the different rooms and will eventually be sold for the J. R. C. The grade rooms devote an hour or more a week for J. R. C. sewing, and the majority of the H. S. girls have pledged themselves to work the same amount. The output has been very satisfactory, enabling the committee to ship a large box to headquarters every week.

The importance of the J. R. C., not only in the work done, but in the dormant patriotism which it awakens, cannot be overestimated. Momence has reason to be proud of her share in this new organization, for through it practically every home in Momence has contributed in either money or work to the greatest of causes.

Much credit is due to the teachers for their faithfulness in supervising and carrying on the work. They have sacrificed much in order to enable the pupils to contribute their share to this great war relief work. Momence has the special credit of being the first school in the county to be granted a charter as a Junior Red Cross Auxiliary.

Senior Class Will

In the matter of the last will and testament of the SENIOR CLASS of Momence High School; deceased;

We the SENIORS of Momence High School, City of Momence, County of Kankakee, State of Illinois, in the United States of America, the majority of us being sound in mind and of an indisposing memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament hereby revoking all other legal papers that while so indisposed we probably have created.

TO ALL WE BEQUEATH THE FOLLOWING

First—The right to smoke cigarettes in the building during the eighth period.

Second—The right to sass V. T. and get by with it.

Third—The right of the class of nineteen to run the Lecture Course unaided.

Fourth—The right to be exempt from all Saturday sessions of school.

To Miss May—We bequeath a set of iron nerves so that she may be prepared for the green element next year.

To Miss Terry—We bequeath a farm, she may pick the one to farm it she deems capable.

To Miss Dallach—We bequeath a new maxim silencer.

To Mr. Smith—We bequeath a new set of camouflage.

To Mr. Johnson—We bequeath our best wishes for the next season's football team.

To Mr. Wells—We bequeath our rag time melodies, we do not like classical.

To Miss Roberts—We bequeath a new key to the Domestic Science room so the SENIOR boys next year will not be bothering the class for free eats.

To Miss Bowman—We bequeath our Long's English Literature, as we have no further use for it.

NOT OVERLOOKING ANY

To the Freshman—We bequeath some good common horse sense that is to elect a President who will not crawl up in a hay mow when the naughty SENIORS come near. We admit we should not have bothered him.

To the Sophomores—We bequeath our ability to haze the Freshman so thoroughly that they will respect them as they do us???

To the Juniors—Being the favorite and immediate heirs, we bequeath the debts that we have incurred during our career.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have set my hand and seal this tenth day of May, A. D. nineteen hundred and eighteen (1918).

(SEAL)

HAROLD E. MCKEE.

Signed, sealed, published and declared to be by the SENIOR CLASS, their last will and testament, in the presence of us who, at their request and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to the said instrument.

ROBERT NICHOLS
LAWRENCE BENJAMIN

High School Lecture Course

The Senior class of 1918 took a novel way of presenting the High School with a gift, by taking over the Lecture Course for this winter. By the concentrated efforts of the members of the class, the Course, for the first time in its history in Momence, has paid out. A great deal of credit is due Miss Dallach, both for her aid in preparing for the numbers and in the selling of tickets.

The Roumanian Orchestra of Nov. 8 was probably the best number as well as the highest priced. The orchestra consisted of six very talented musicians. With them was Charles E. Gallagher, basso. Mr. Gallagher has traveled with the Trivoli, Aborn, Savage and Whitney Opera companies. It is very seldom that the majority of local people have an opportunity to hear so fine a singer.

The second number, Miss Beryl Buckley, was appreciated by all. Miss Buckley has studied her characters, and her rendition in "The Shepherd of the Hills" could hardly have been excelled. She is an enthusiastic, simple and natural reader, and has a personal charm and broad intelligence.

The Harmony Glee Club, composed of four individual artists, was highly entertaining. Each man is an entertainer in himself. The Organ Chimes, played by all four men was one of the features of the evening and a novelty to many. The Glee Club was pleasing, from their quartet work in costume to their individual work.

February 14 brought to us Frederick Poole, the great Chinese Impersonator. His reading of the Yellow Jacket gave us a vivid picture of Chinese characteristics, morale and manner. Mr. Poole is unusually well equipped because of his years of travel and close study in China. In his introduction and conclusion he dwelt upon the changes in China in recent years, a subject which should interest everyone.

The Means-Anderson Concert Company of March 21 was excellent, to say the least. Edna Means is a young woman of exceptional power and experience. She is a master of impersonation and wins the hearts of her audience at once by her charming personality. Eva Anderson, a violinist and character singer, delighted her audience. She adds a personal touch to her playing which makes a lasting impression upon her listeners. Hilda Brady, vocalist and accompanist, won her audience by the sweetness and purity of her voice. The delightful introduction and conclusion of their program was very unusual and took away from the stiffness of a formal beginning.

We hope that the graduating class of next year will take up our good work and continue to give to the citizens of Momence the uplifting and inspiring entertainment afforded by the Lecture Course.



Junior Class Roll and Officers

President.....	Violet O'Connell
Vice President.....	John Cook
Treasurer.....	Ray Chatfield
Historian.....	Henry Seavey
Student Council.....	Howard Bradley

Ashbrenner, Henry	Jensen, Elizabeth
Bradley, Howard	Kinney, Andrew
Burch, Lawrence	Kinney, Myron
Chatfield, Ray	Lamport, James
Chatfield, Roy	Mussman, Lydia
Cook, John	O'Connell, Violet
Condon, John	Peterson, Beulah
DuMontelle, Lester	Porter, Gertrude
Evans, Frieda	Price, Arthur
Hall, Marjorie	Schaffer, Harry
Harms, Doris	Seavey, Henry
Hardy, Irene	Tomas, Frank
Hess, Roy	Younglove, Gladys

Flower—Pink Carnation

Colors—Pink and White

Motto: "Impossible is Un-American"



21—A green apple day will attract the doctors your way.

Junior Class Prophecy

By HENRY W. SEAVEY.

It was one evening in the fall of the year Nineteen Hundred and Forty-three, that I sat at my desk, at the police headquarters in the small town of Pumpkin Center. The day had been a day of glory for me, for I had at last reached my highest ambition. I had just been appointed Chief of the village, blue-coated peace preservers. As I sat musing over the honor and responsibility that had just been placed upon me, the thoughts of my good old school days and companions came back to me. Had they made a success in life too? Here I was, sitting at my desk, a large, plump, jolly individual, as high and pompous looking as a child with his first pair of trousers. I opened the lower drawer of my desk and brought out my old Ouija board, which had been my pastime in the evenings while on the "force." I prepared the Ouija board to tell me the whereabouts and doings of my old Junior classmates.

"Now Ouija," I said, "tell me where Violet O'Connell, the president of my Junior class, now resides." The Ouija hesitated and then moved and spelled out "Cuba." "And what is her occupation?" I asked with increasing interest. Ouija responded quickly by spelling out "Wife." I began to be very interested and asked excitingly, "And who is her husband?" And Ouija started with "G" and hesitated, and then slid clear across the board. The action was done repeatedly without satisfactory results. Well, I gave up trying to find out who was the lucky man and asked Ouija about the rest of my schoolmates, and was rewarded with fine results. I discovered that John Cook had furnished

the American and Allied troops with army beans from his Indiana bean plantation, and helped defeat the Kaiser. The Ouija also told me that Roy Chatfield had made himself rich by manufacturing "smokless" powder puffs. Lester DuMontelle is a famous chef in the large Price Hotel on Broadway, run by Arthur Price.

Irene Hardy had become editor of the "Woman's Home Companion." Doris Harms is singing rag-time music in a five and ten cent store. Howard Bradley is traveling salesman selling "patented collapsible wheelbases" for Fords. The Kinney Bros. were running a southern plantation, raising seedless pretzels. Burch is leading man in "The Follies of 1944." Frieda Evans is married and is making another life more brilliant and happy. Harry Shaffer is floor-walker in the Boston Store, and Edward Bydalek is also a "floor-walker" in his little home in California, but he "floor-walks" at night.

Elizabeth Jensen is champion woman auto racer. Verne Cantway is making "big money" by selling boat loads of gum drops to the Eskimos in Iceland, who are working in Ray Chatfield's large whale oil refining plant. Gladys Younglove is teaching the dance fiends how to dance the "Chocolate Drop," the new dance craze. Gertrude Porter was the authoress of "Love's Flavor Lost." Beulah Peterson and Lydia Mussmann were Red Cross nurses, and Vera Burns became an aviatrix, while Frank Tomas became a talented music teacher. "Now Ouija, I know the

whereabouts of all my schoolmates, and I find that they, too, have made successes—but no! “Wait a minute. Where is James Lamport, my old class-mate Mathematician?” With intense interest I found out that he was working to the tune of “Home James” for the rich Mrs. Hess who was

once Marjorie Hall, and her husband met with success as a “Movie Idol.”

I was interrupted by the loud Brr-rr of the telephone, and had to call the “night force” out of his bed to answer a race riot down in Si Perkins general store.

Course of Study

REQUIRED SUBJECTS

- 4 years of English.
- 1 year of Geometry.
- 1½ years of Algebra.
- 1 year of Science.
- 1 year of History.

The above are the required work of all graduates. As only sixteen credits are required for graduation, a wider range of subjects involved in Commercial Course, History Course, Manual Training, and Domestic Science are also offered.

The Commercial Course has been installed in the school for three years. A year's work consisting of Typewriting ($\frac{1}{2}$ credit) with a speed test of 40 words per minute; Stenography (1 credit) with a speed of 75 words per minute, and Bookkeeping (1 credit) has proven the most practical course offered. Twenty-five out of thirty-four who have taken the course have made further use of it. It is fully accredited at the University of Illinois.

The Domestic Science Course has also proven quite satisfactory. The room in itself is an inspiration to one. It consists of: seven stoves—three electric and four oil,

seven tables, an ice box, which was a gift to the department, a pantry, and a cupboard, which was made by the Manual Training boys last year. The four sets of china add very much to the department, as do also the white curtains.

The Sewing department consists of three sewing machines and tables.

Those who saw the exhibit of the Manual Training classes on Patron's day know of the fine work done by the boys. Great credit is due both teachers and pupils for the fine work which they have turned out this year.

The Science Laboratory has been added to in the way of useful equipment during the past year. The courses have been broadened, and a systematic line of work has helped to make the Laboratory one of the great factors of our High School.

It is impossible to give herein all the details of the Course of Study, and we have outlined only the more essential points. Needless to say, our High School is fully accredited with the surrounding Universities and Colleges, and should be the pride of Momence.

Advice to Freshmen

I know young friends, ambition fills your mind,
And in life's voyage is the impelling wind;
But at the helm, let sober reason stand
And steer the bark with Heav'n directed hand.

Lecture by Miss Dallach to Latin 1 Class

"Miss Roberts said that the Freshman girls were running up and down the halls during schooltime, because Mr. Wells was gone and could not see them. You know very well that when the bell rings you are supposed to take your seats. The bells do not run by Mr. Johnston's "clock." Anyway, you should not sass Miss Roberts, because I believe she knows more than you, and I would take her word before yours, as she and I went to college where we took a course in etiquette. I'm sure I have just as much fun as you do, but I have it before and after school hours. I suppose that you girls realize that you are in High School. When you are old enough to be a Freshman, you shouldn't be running back and forth in the halls, jumping the rope,

and playing tag, but should try to maintain a little dignity. Also, Miss Roberts said that some of the girls were throwing chalk out of the windows at the eighth grade girls. That is not only wasteful, but also teaches you bad manners. You should speak kindly (especially to your elders and "superiors") when you think that the other person is mistaken. While Mr. Wells, the book agent, was here, one of the boys spoke to me in an unmannerly way and when done, Mr. Wells said to me, 'What impudent boys you have in this school!' I don't want to be classed as impudent, and I don't suppose any one else would, especially you." (and so on for twenty-five minutes) * * "Alright, for tomorrow we'll take the review on page 139."

Is M. H. S. a Slacker?

How many calls there are, including Boys' Working Reserve, Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, Thrift Stamp, War Saving Stamp, and Liberty Loan, which have been carried out in the High School during the last school year! And has the High School been at all slow in helping them on in each case? Read on and you will find the answer.

The H. S. gave \$335 to the Y. M. C. A. call, being the first one last fall, twenty-three boys giving \$10 each. Over one-half of the boys and a good many of the girls own liberty bonds. Every member of the H. S. belongs to the Junior Red Cross, while many belong to the Senior department. Each Junior Red Cross girl works at least one hour each week on clothes, blankets, quilts, and other needs and comforts for the homeless Belgians. There is the Boys'

Scribbling From the Editor's Pen

One of the questions in the minds of the High School student is whether or not German will be offered next year to the student of Foreign Languages. Many schools throughout the country which have taught German for preceding years are changing their schedules, putting Spanish or French in its place. We know Momence is not behind in any patriotic project of this kind, and as we have already heard rumors of a change, we are confident that a change will be made which will satisfy all.

Working Reserve, also, to which fourteen M. H. S. boys belong, studying agriculture so that they will be fitted to work on farms this summer. They have hurried all of their studies in order that they might be able to leave school one month earlier, the whole H. S. having gone to school on seven Saturdays to aid them in their time saving. The H. S. is carrying on a contest between the Freshmen with the Juniors and the Sophomores with the Seniors, and now, within two weeks have either sold or bought \$1,700 worth of thrift and war saving stamps.

These are the most important calls that the H. S. has answered and we hope that you will join in with us when we say that we give our best wishes and greatest efforts to the carrying on of these causes.

Attention to Hammer-Carriers

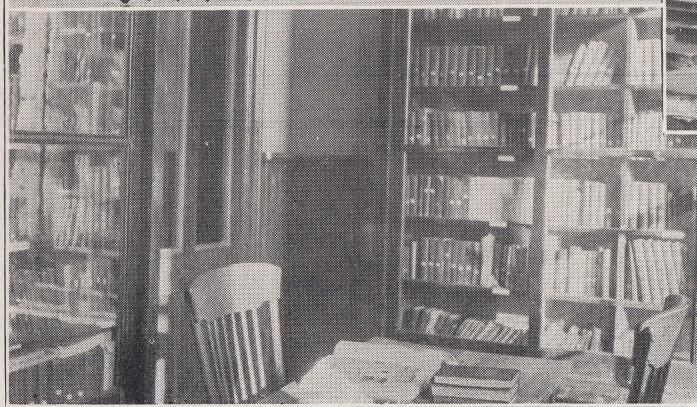
We confess that this book contains many slams and jokes which are, no doubt, a bit personal, but we sincerely hope that everyone who reads this book will receive the jokes in the same humor as that in which they were given. We will gladly accept "slam for slam" but please be gentle. Exchanging good natured jokes will hurt none of our feelings, but bitter ones are hard to take. Since our intentions are in giving neither "cuts" nor sarcasm, but in giving all an innocent humor, and enjoyment, we humbly beg your indulgence.



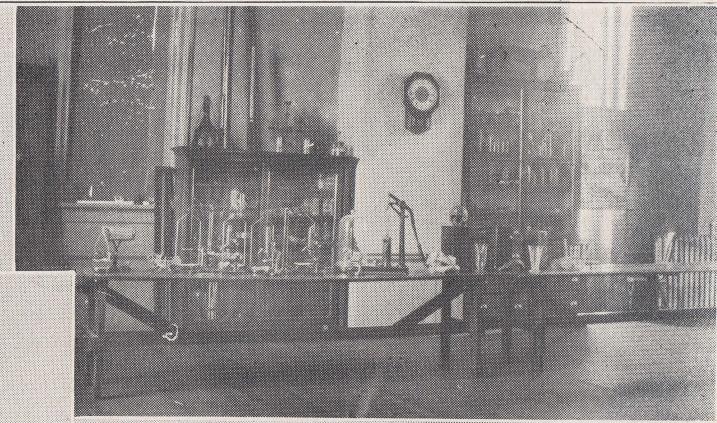
COMMERCIAL ROOM.



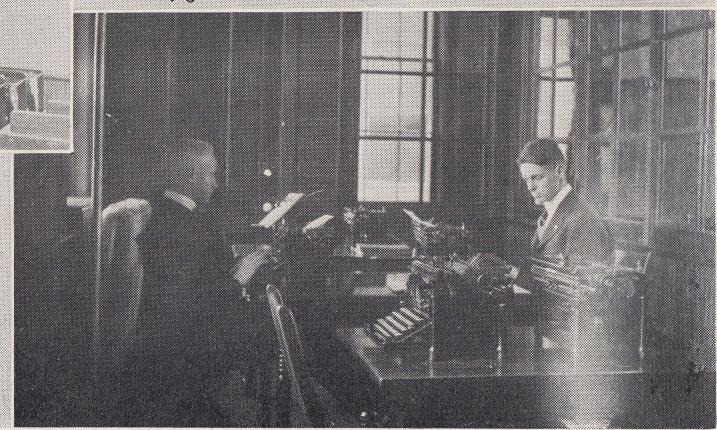
MAIN ASSEMBLY



CORNER OF LIBRARY



LABRATORY



TYPE-WRITING ROOM.



Sophomore

Roll Call

SOPHOMORES.

President.....	Francis Fetzer
Vice President.....	Helen Fox
Treasurer.....	Florence Busch
Historian.....	Willie Conrad
Student Council.....	Warren Gray

Busch, Florence	O'Connell, Charles
Bydalek, Albert	Peterson, Blanche
Bydalek, Clara	Porter, William
Clawson, Mabelle	Sanstrom, Lester
Deliere, Pearl	Scott, Walter
Fetzer, Francis	Sharkey, Lucille
Fox, Helen	Simonds, Opal
Gray, Warren	Smith, Elno
Harms, Leila	Sweeney, Paul
Hunte, Albert	Wilson, Genevieve
Mills, Hazel	Zahl, Dorothy

Flower—Wild Rose

Colors—Old Rose and Gold

Motto: "Excelsior"



29—Beware: froth is not beer.

The Prophecy of the Class of '20

By WILLIAM CONRAD.

Little would one think upon seeing me now, penniless, ragged, and riding on a freight train, that twenty years ago I had been a member of the class of '20.

I had resolved to find out the whereabouts of every member of my class. With this great task in mind, I strove forward, thinking little of my appearance and financial condition.

I alighted from the train at what I thought was a town. As I walked through a deserted park, I noticed a log fire, about which were assembled men who seemed to be following the same path in life as myself.

The gleam of the fire showed their faces very distinctly, and to my surprise, I recognized two of my old classmates, Francis Fetzer and Walter Scott.

We talked over old times and I told them of my mission. They gladly consented to assist me. Moreover, they already knew the whereabouts of some of the old class. They told me that Albert Hunte and Clarence Jones were making a fortune with their trans-Atlantic air line, carrying people across to see the ruins of the World War, which was raging when we were in school.

They also told me that Albert Bydalek and Ruby Bright were making important excavations in Egypt, and were adding many valuable facts to the history of the Stone Age.

The thought of something to eat came upon us suddenly and we made our way to a chicken house on the outskirts of the town. We grabbed three chickens and some eggs

out of the nests, and just as we were ready to depart we encountered the farmer and his wife at the door. The farmer, with a long beard and very tall, reminded us of William Porter, and sure enough it was. His wife happened to be Hazel Mills. They did not recognize us and called the village constable, a short stubby fellow, but very stout. We were utterly amazed to have our old friend Charles O'Connell put the handcuffs on us and start toward the lockup. We begged him to set us free, but he was a firm believer of justice and locked us up. He brought us a good feed and showed us our sleeping quarters.

The next morning we were taken before the Judge, whom we recognized to be Warren Gray. After a stiff cross-examination by the judge and his assistant, who was Lester Sanstrom, we were found guilty and given thirty days.

One day a group of society ladies, who were the community builders of the village, came to inspect the lockup. Horrified by our appearance, they shrank back in terror. We noticed that they were Genevieve Wilson, Leila Harms, Dorothy Zahn, and Helen Fox. To conceal our identity, we turned and walked to the opposite part of our cells. They left in about half an hour, after ordering Charles to make extensive improvements in the lockup.

We were getting tired of this loafing, as we called it, and wanted to proceed on our mission. We decided to waylay Charles, which of course was a horrible deed to perform, but it had to be done. The next morning Charles came in as usual, unlocked Scott's cell and gave him his

breakfast. As he turned his back, Scott hit him gently over the head, deprived him of his month's pay which he had received that morning, and laid him on the bunk. He liberated us and we escaped, catching the next freight out of town. We rode for a few hours and jumped off at a fair sized town. We each bought a new suit and were all togged up, ready for a sumptuous feast (all with Charles' money). We took in a show. The picture was named "The Land of Eternal Snow." It was very interesting and full of thrills, of course. The leading characters' names were shown on the screen, and shocked with surprise, we read them. The heroine—Lucille Sharkey, Her friend—Pearl Deliere, the hero—Paul Sweeney. Paul proved to be a hero indeed, because he killed a big polar bear without weapons. Lucille risked her life many times riding on the floats of ice. In one scene she was on the top of an iceberg, which was trembling with her weight.

A rather tall fellow, coming down the aisle selling peanuts, was none other than Elno Smith. He told us that

the leading stars in the picture had been with the Triangle Company for years and were soon to retire, having made thousands of dollars. After the show we bought a paper and, looking over the society news we saw that "The Misses Blanche Peterson and Clara Bydalek would entertain the newly elected president, Florence Busch, and other members of the Old Maids' Club at a six o'clock dinner."

All the members of the old class accounted for in some manner or other, we felt as if we would do ourselves justice by calling it a finished job. But our cash was getting low, having only fifty-three cents left.

"Telegram for Mr. Francis Fetzer," came the voice of the call boy in the lobby of the Hotel Wilson. It said that his uncle Ike had left him his millions and all of his property. What a relief! We had plenty of money now. Francis loaned Walter ten thousand bucks, while I posed as Francis private secretary. The last we heard from Walter was that he paid Charles back his month's pay.

Liberty Bond Essay

The people of the United States do not seem to realize that we are plunged into one of the greatest if not the greatest war history has ever known. And in all probability we shall go on in this manner until some great disaster overtakes us and finally brings us to our senses—but too late.

The time has come when every man, woman and child in this country should do his bit to help Uncle Sam make this world safe for democracy.

This question arises, "What can I do? I cannot enlist. Of course, we cannot all fight on the field of battle, but there are more ways than one to win a war. The government depends on the support of the "stay at homes" nearly as much as it does the men in the field, and we must not fail in our backing. The most effective manner in which we can help is by purchasing a government bond.

There are two main reasons why we should buy liberty bonds. First—it is a good investment, a safe investment, a profitable one and an honorable one. Second—it shows that we are behind Uncle Sam in his fight against German kultur.

We should not delay—tomorrow may be too late. The longer we hesitate, the longer we put off buying these bonds, then the longer will be the list of casualties.

This second liberty loan must not fail. We all must do what is in our power to keep it from that. Germany is watching this loan more intently than she ever watched any other event in history. There also are other onlookers—our boys in France. What would be the result on the morale of our boys if this loan should fail; would it not discourage them to think the people for whom they are sacrificing their lives if necessary, are not behind them?

Maybe you were a pacifist or a pro-German before the United States entered on the side of the allies, but times have changed, we are at war with Germany, we have troops in France, and the least a person can do is to stand behind them, and the most effective way is by buying a bond.

Imagine the thrill of joy that fills each soldier's heart when he reads that the loan has been oversubscribed by many millions.

Then let each one of us put as much as we can afford in liberty bonds and help send the news to our boys in France that we are backing them five billion dollars strong.

"The Top"

Courage and faith, and patience!

There is space in the old world yet;
You stand a better chance, lad,
The further along you get.

Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure your path leads upward—
There's always room at the top.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,

Nor fancy your life won't tell;
The work is done for all that
To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
But there's always room at the top.

Up-to-date Song Hits Successfully Introduced by

The collage consists of eight rectangular sheet music covers arranged in two rows of four. Each cover features a title, lyrics, and illustrations of the performers.

- Top Row:**
 - WHEN YOU PLAY IN THE GAME OF LOVE**: Words by C.R. Foster and Byron Gay. Music by Byron Gay. Published by C.R. Foster Co., New York, N.Y.
 - THE LITTLE FORD RAMBLED RIGHT ALONG**: Greatest Comedy Song Sensation. Words by C.R. Foster and Byron Gay. Music by Byron Gay. Published by C.R. Foster Co., New York, N.Y.
 - SMARTY**: By the writers of "HONEY BOY". Words by Jack Norworth. Music by Albert Von Tilzer. Published by The York Music Co., New York, N.Y.
 - I Like Everything About You (But I'd Like to Change Your Name)**: Words and Music by Glen L. Beveridge. Published by The Beveridge Music Publ. Co., Suite 301, Grand Opera House, Chicago, Ill.
- Bottom Row:**
 - My Little Dream Girl**: Words by Gus Kahn. Music by Lew Brown. Composed by Harry Von Tilzer. Published by The York Music Co., New York, N.Y.
 - WHAT DO YOU WANT TO MAKE THOSE EYES AT ME FOR (WHEN THEY DON'T MEAN WHAT THEY SAY!)**: Successfully introduced by Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson. Published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York.
 - He's A Devil~ IN HIS OWN HOME TOWN**: Words by Grant Clark. Music by Irving Berlin. Published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York.
 - WRAP ME IN A BUNDLE AND TAKE ME HOME TO YOU**: Words by Gus Kahn. Music by Lew Brown. Composed by Harry Von Tilzer. Published by The York Music Co., New York, N.Y.

Physical Education

The Momence schools have undertaken, during the past year, a new department of work; namely, organized physical education. For some years the need has been felt that the girls, particularly those of the High School, have needed some sort of regular work in physical education. The Illinois school law requires that a minimum of one hour per week shall be offered in every public school in the state. During the past year, the Momence school has organized the work, so that approximately one hour per week is offered in each of the grades. In the High School, the girls have been divided into two groups, each class meeting one evening a week after school. The work was made compulsory, and while the girls were inclined to raise objections at first, they soon came to realize that it was not the bore that they had anticipated, and much real enthusiasm for the work has developed. The program in the High School has consisted of an evenly balanced amount of marching, games, Swedish gymnastics, folk dancing, and esthetic dancing.

An effort was made to make the work as interesting and beneficial as possible. Since nothing of the sort had been

offered before, the work was necessarily of an elementary character. The instruction in the grades, together with what has been done this year in the High School, will make it possible to produce a more advanced class in physical education in the High School in the succeeding years.

In February an exhibition of the work in physical education was given before the Woman's Club. The program included Swedish gymnastics, drill, and folk dancing, and brought forth many complimentary remarks from the members of the club. It is hoped that near the close of the year, possibly as a part of the Commencement exercises, a Field Day may be held, in which each group of students will give a public demonstration of what they have accomplished during the year. In many schools this has become a regular feature of school work, and is an occasion much enjoyed by both pupils and patrons.

Miss Roberts has had charge of the classes in physical education, and has succeeded in accomplishing excellent results. She has proved to be a capable leader, and has succeeded in maintaining the highest interest on the part of the pupils.

Scientific Classification of the Inmates of M. H. S.

NAME—	LOOKS LIKE—	NICKNAME—	PET PHRASE	Hobby—	CONVICTED FOR—	FAVORITE—	REPUTATION AS A—	DESTINATION—
William Porter	Bob Fitzsimmons	Snake	Oh gwan!	Motorcycling	Balking the traffic	Henderson	Skilled Mechanic	Gas charger
Walter Scott	An answer to a maiden's prayer	Admiral	? - !!!! ? - !	Basket ball	Desertion of study	Camels	Jester	Guard house
Florence Busch	A regular Duff Gordon	Babe	O me!	Freezing feet	Monopolizing the mirror	He's gone	Pianist	Piano bench
Robert Nichols	Stonewall Jackson	Bob	Company halt	Drilling	Speeding	Bayonet	Captain	Berlin
Dorothy Zahl	Alice in Wonderland	Dot	Gol durn	That's him	Whispering to L. S.	Won't tell	Man killer	K. K. K.
Roy Hess	A dreadful mistake	Duds	Oh Jazz	Chasing Chickens	Spring dancing	A Grant Parker	Nut	Movies
Frank Tomas	? ? ? ? ?	Hinky	Shoot	Clerking	Teasing	Girls	Athlete	Watson & Cleary
V. T. Smith	Charlie Chaplin	V. T.	Basket ball practice to-nite	Raising Camouflage	Slave driving	Sat. Eve. Post	Poet	Truck gardening
Arthur Price	A little village maid	Happy	Oh is zat so	Studying	Aurguing	None	Sprinter	Sideshow "barker"
Miss Terry	A little bit of cheer	"Little Jess"	Oh Fiddlesticks	Selling the Lit. Digest	Speeding in dictation	Toiler of the soil	Farmer	Traffic cop
Theodore Johnson	Shock of oats	Cotton Top	Boo! Hoo!	Carrying V. T.'s milk	Violating the assembly act	His laugh	Comedian	Farm
Willabele Wiltse	Something to eat	Billy	Good!	Fording	Vagrancy	Any body	Blarney	Red Cross nurse
Florence Logan	A gigler	Giggles	Giggle giggle	Giggling	Giggling	Giggling	Giggler	Giggling
Myron Kinney	Undescribable	Skinney	Would you?	Falling	Non-support	Eats	Shock Obsorber	Chauffer
Harold McKee	"Old Nick"	Mutt	Got any?	Loafing	900 years	Billy Sunday	Booze fighter	Keeley cure
Genevieve Wilson	Barbarie Frietche	Genny	Hully gee kid	Trying to make eyes	Believing Everything	I pity him	Dum Dum	Back to Milford
Thelma Larkins	Theda Bara	Swapie	Oh!	Walking	She was pardoned	IKE	Candy face	Shoe store
James Lamport	A stale joke	Lord Baltimore	Huh! huh!	Farming	Getting stewed	Old Taylor	B. Y. P. U.	Janitor
Francis Fetzer	Francis X Bushmann	Fetz	Ya!	Cuteness	Cheating	Grant	Crap shooter	Grant



36—"Tis hard for a full man to stand up-right.

Lieut. O'Brien's Thrilling Story

I am not going to say ladies and gentlemen. I am going to say friends. If I went into detail to tell you how I appreciate all this, it would be impossible to handle the great subject. I will tell you of my escape. Perhaps that is what you wish. After being shot down on the 17th day of August, I was in a hospital behind the German lines for six days. Outside in front of the hospital while I was sitting there, one of the saddest things of the war occurred. In sight of the hospital on the front lines I saw a battle between six of our machines and twice that number of German machines. As I sat there and watched that machine I didn't know at the time the sadness that was going to be brought home. Two of our machines and two of the Germans' were brought down. Being unable to talk I went to the German flying officer in the hospital and asked him (in fact wrote on a piece of paper) to find out who it was. He sent out a man in a machine and to my surprise he brought back a photo of the dead pilot and a picture of myself. The dead pilot, the best friend I ever had, Paul Rainey of Toronto, who entered the same squadron and went to France, was shot down four days after I was. Some place in Flanders he is buried. I brought back a map the Germans had made; one showing where he was buried, and later, after my escape, I brought the map to his folks to confirm the news of his death to his mother, something I have never told the newspapers before.

After being at this hospital for six days I was taken to the intelligence department and every question ever asked a man was asked of me. They asked me about America, what she was going to do and wanted to know about how

many were to be sent over. I informed them that before the war was over they would think that America had let hell loose. I only hope that I will be able to see that carried out.

I was there for two days and was treated fairly decent by the German flying corps. There are courtesies among the German and English flying corps, but it does not extend to the French. If one pilot is shot down the Germans generally drop a message on our lines, and we return the compliment. As most of the fighting is done on the German side, it is generally they who drop the messages. They dropped a message and that is how they knew I was a prisoner of war.

I was then taken to a prison camp in Belgium and while there I had very little to eat, in fact, I will give you my menu. A cup of coffee for breakfast with no cream, sugar or milk, a slice of bread or a half loaf of bread at noon with the privilege of saving it for breakfast, but I was generally too hungry to have it for my breakfast. For dinner, it was lunch, we had soup, stewed carrots or some vegetables. I was never fond of vegetables and I am less so now. Late, about five o'clock, we had tea. We had to keep stirring the tea or it would settle. This appeared a hardship on the Englishmen. Once we had butter for this meal and twice we had jam made out of my favorite vegetable, sugar beets.

About this time I began to make up my mind that I didn't like the company of the Germans. I spent three weeks at that camp. I was taken on a prison train, an ordinary train, to be transferred to Strausburg, a reprisal camp. I will give you an idea of a reprisal camp. It is a camp where the English aviators are bombed. At

that time we were accused of carrying their officers on our hospital ships, so to offset this they sent us to reprisal camps, that is that's where they were sending us.

I didn't want to be bombed by my own airmen, and the only thing to do was to quit the company. About 80 miles inside the German lines after crossing Luxemburg I made up my mind to go through the window. I spent the whole evening in getting up nerve enough to go through the window and I think every man has some yellow, and it showed on me two times.

About daylight, four o'clock in the morning I decided that if I ever reached the prison camp I would regret that I had not taken a chance. One of the guards was so close to me that I could reach out my hand and touch him, and so I started a hack-



LIEUT. PAT O'BRIEN

four o'clock in the morning I decided that if I ever reached the prison camp I would regret that I had not taken a chance. One of the guards was so close to me that I could reach out my hand and touch him, and so I started a hack-

ing cough and the guard lowered the window. I knew then I had two or three minutes to make my escape. and went through the window. Outside the window I landed on my feet with my face a close second. If they had stopped the train right away they would have caught me. Perhaps, one-half mile away the train stopped and by that time I had come to my senses and got off the right of way. I had two pieces of bread and a piece of sausage left, which lasted two days.

For over a month through the middle canals and rivers of Germany, Belgium and Luxemburg, I tramped like a hunted beast. While in Germany and Luxemburg it was impossible to ask for food. If discovered or seen I would be captured as a Briton, for I had on a British uniform. One night as I was crawling along I discovered a pair of overalls, my first piece of civilian clothes which were four or five inches short and by letting them down they covered my breeches.

I stole into a barn which was connected with the kitchen in a Belgian house, and I made no noise. I got a coat and the next night a cap. Later a Belgian gave me a scarf. Later I became weak and delirious and had a fever. I was on the verge of giving up when something told me to stick to it and go on.

I then came to the Meuse, (pronounced Mouse) which is perhaps one-half mile wide, and the swimming in the old Kankakee river and stone quarry stood me in good stead. I was a fairly decent swimmer or I would have drowned in the Meuse and no one would ever have known what became of me. Reaching the bank, for the first time in my life I fainted. Perhaps it was four o'clock in the morning. Between six and seven the rain was beating

down in my face. Gaining presence of mind, I crawled behind the bank and concealed myself.

The next two days were the worst of all. I knew one day would put me out and I could have laid down under any tree and died. I finally said to myself, if I don't get food I must perish, because up to this time I had sugar beets, carrots, cabbage and two pears which formed a banquet, and celery. Consequently I didn't eat any celery tonight.

Belgium is the most thickly populated country in Europe. The farms or homes have only two or three acres of land. I used to walk along and try to figure out how much cabbage Belgium raised. She has more cabbage and sugar beets than any other place in the world. After I had gone so long I had to have food, so I picked out a little house for several reasons. One reason was that every house contained soldiers. They are taken back from the front line trenches to recuperate. This was worse than Germany and Luxemberg.

I put a rock in my handkerchief and then went and demanded food. There was an old lady and a man, I imagine her son, and am now going to tell you a little incident that took place. My condition was such that it was no time to see funny things. The old lady was 75 years of age and for three-quarters of a century had worn wooden shoes, and as I sat there, perhaps the most miserable and unhappy man alive, I saw a callous on her foot which had been made by wooden shoes. As she cooked the food I was speculating if it would be possible to drive a nail in that callous. It was the only thing that got me through. No matter how bad I was, the funny thing was the most needed.

From there I received potatoes with milk, salt and pepper, drank four glasses of water and had the honor of seeing the most horrible sight; that was myself in a looking glass. I had not shaved, I had not washed. Blood was clotted on my face, my eye was black, and in this condition I could not help smiling as I gazed at myself in the glass.

I offered to pay them and they took two marks. They needed it worse than I did. I then pointed in the opposite direction and disappeared in the darkness and changed my course and took up my northern course which I was traveling and hung to it. I had only one thing to go by and that was the north star. After many days I came to one of the largest cities in Belgium, and what took place in that city I will not take the trouble to tell you. I was suspicioned by everyone and stared at more than ever in my life. Finally I was forced to leave. After it is all over I will tell everything that happened in that city, but now it is impossible for me to relate what took place.

Before going into that city I had a narrow escape. Walking along the country road I passed through a little village and in my pocket I had a bottle of water and a sandwich which a Belgian had given me. Just outside the city I passed three Germans, who walked up to me and said, Halt—which in German is pronounced nearly the same as ours. I halted, positive I was recaptured. I took the bottle out of my pocket and held it before him. He began to search me and later discovered he thought I was a Belgian smuggling potatoes. At the time I didn't know what he was doing. When he got through I turned my back and walked away.

After going through hardships too long to relate I reached the Holland frontier, which is guarded by electric

wires. With Holland on one side and Belgium on the other I studied how to get through the wire. I constructed a ladder of two trees, tying them together with my handkerchief and twisted grass. The trees contained some sap and juice and acted just the same when they touched the wire as sticks that have been dampened, because the electricity passed through. I was knocked off the ladder which fell on top of me, and I was unconscious a while. Just then a German guard passed by. One time he was within seven or eight feet and again I could have touched him with my hand and then I reached into my pocket for the handkerchief and rock. I had no intention of taking any lives unless absolutely necessary.

Then came my most difficult task, that of digging under those wires. With barely an inch between my back and the live wire, which meant instant death, I crawled along and reached the soil of Holland, and on the soil of Holland I knelt down and thanked God, for He was the one who helped me. To describe to you how I felt when I arrived in Holland is impossible. It was 72 days from the time I left the train. I lost 50 pounds and was so nervous I could not write my own name.

In Holland I made my way to the British consul. Perhaps I should have gone to the American consul, but I was in the British service and they would give what I asked. They gave me new clothes and everything I could possibly want. The consul offered me a thousand pounds, \$5,000, and

to show you that a fool is born every minute, I took only \$10.

I was put on a ship and started on my way to England. In leaving Rotterdam we were run down by our own convoy and put back in a sinking condition. And last I reached London.

Two days after I received a telegram asking me to call on the king. I thought it was an honor I never would receive. I answered the telegram and on the seventh day of December I showed up at Buckingham palace at 10:30. Earl Cromer took me into a room. I walked in in a matter of fact way. Here I expected to receive my coaching before going before the king. A gentleman walked toward me and the earl said, "Your Majesty, Lieutenant O'Brien," and backed out of the door, and if the king had not had me by the hand I would have walked out behind him. I expected he would say "Congratulations" and "Good-bye," but instead I talked fifty-two minutes and I want to say that the most misrepresented man is the king of England. There is not a man more kind-hearted or courageous than the present king of England. The world will find him more popular than his father, King Edward, if that is possible.

After leaving there I went to Dublin. If any of you have a sore head you may know that Mr. Kirby or Mr. Cleary have been using those shillalas that I bought for them. I arrived in Canada, later in New York and Chicago, and finally the best town in the world where I was born—Momence.



Napoleon and aid.



A TIGHT SQUEEZE.



TEECHUR'S

OH! THE WILD, WILD
WOMEN ARE
MAKING A WILD
MAN OUT
O' me.



FIRST CALL FOR "GRUB"



A CASE OF "HORSE SENSE"



Well Look Who's HERE.



A TUFF BUNCH.

OH DEAH!
NOW DONT
FLATTER
ME SO
GIRLS.



"PAT."



ALL TIRED OUT.



THE "ONE HOG SHAY"



"DANNY"



CHARRY + BEN

The Illinois Centennial

The State of Illinois is celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of its admission into the Union this year. In all sections of the state centennial programs are being held. No particular dates have been set aside for these celebrations, but the entire year of 1918 is Centennial Year; and any convenient date during the year will be an appropriate time to commemorate the admission of Illinois into the Union.

On January 16, 1818, a memorial which had been adopted by the territorial legislature of Illinois was presented to Congress, asking it to take the necessary steps to permit the territory to organize as a State. On April 18, 1818, the Enabling Act, passed by Congress, was signed by the President and became a law. This enabled the territory of Illinois to adopt a constitution and form a State Government, which form of government was to be submitted back to Congress for approval. The delegates to the Constitutional Convention were elected in July, 1818, the Constitutional Convention assembled at Kaskaskia on the first Monday in August, 1818; and the Constitution was adopted on August 26, 1818. The first state officers, as provided for in the Constitution, were elected September 17-19, 1818. The first general assembly convened at Kaskaskia on October 5, 1818, and the first Governor was inaugurated on October 6, 1818. The Constitution adopted by the state was ratified by Congress on December 3, 1818, and Illinois was formally admitted into the American Union as the twenty-first state.

The above facts show that the admission of Illinois was a process lasting through most of the year of 1818, and that therefore the entire year 1918 should fittingly be celebrated as Centennial Year.

The official celebrations at the State Capitol will be on April 18; August 9-26 in connection with the Illinois Centennial Fair; October 1-6, the hundredth anniversary of the

convening of the first legislature and inauguration of the first governor; and on December 3, the hundredth anniversary of the formal admission of Illinois into the Union. In addition to these State celebrations, county celebrations will be held in each county under the auspices of the respective county Centennial Committees. Each city, village, and community should have its own centennial program.

A Centennial Commission was appointed by the State Legislature over two years ago to see that these celebrations are held and to assist in the celebrations. Hon. Hugh S. Magill, Jr., formerly City Superintendent of Schools at Springfield and a member of the State Senate, has been appointed Director of the Centennial Celebration. Pageants, plays, processionals, exhibits, addresses, memorials, and recitations are to form a part of these celebrations.

It is unfortunate that the Centennial Year finds the country engaged in a great world war, but the Commission thought it best to carry out the plans already formulated for the Centennial. April 18 has been especially urged as a day to be observed by the schools. The local schools will endeavor to make some fitting observations of the important dates of the year.

No state in the Union is so rich in local history, or has had more to do with the National history of the country than Illinois. It was one of the crucial states in the slavery question at the time of its admission. It has given to the country more great men than perhaps any other. Lincoln, Grant, Logan, Douglas, Fuller, and a host of others might be mentioned. It leads the Union as an agricultural state. It ranks first in the value of farm land, in the value of its corn crop, in the value of its oats crop, in the value of its hay crop, and in the total value of all crops it ranks 20% higher than its nearest competitor. It has the second largest city in the country. But why continue? We are all proud of our State, and of its history, and proud that we are numbered among its citizens.

Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois,
Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois.
On the record of thy years,
Ab'ram Lincoln's name appears,
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois, Illinois,
Grant and Logan and our tears, Illinois.

The Staff

The staff of '18 is a mighty staff,
Composed of members ten.
Five girls and five boys,
Whose good points, I shall pen.

The first in line as you may guess,
Is manager of the bunch.
Of course it's Irene Hardy
Upright, noble, sure and staunch.

Her assistant is Henry Seavey,
Of artist's fame, you've heard;
He, too, is very business-like
And oftentimes absurd.

The next is Violet O'Connell;
She always does her share;
For when we have a meeting,
The editor is always there.

Her assistant is Gertrude Porter
Who sometimes does quite well,
But what she does at other times
I really will not tell.

And then there is Little Doris
With disposition sunny;
She has become a financier,
To care for the Annual's money.

Jack Cook has always been
The pride of the class of '19,
So he writes the athletic notes,
He's a member of the team.

Elizabeth is our social editor
She's written the notes quite well,
But there is much in H. S. life
She didn't dare to tell.

M. H. S. has always honored
All those who've gone before,
So James wrote names and addresses,
Of students of the "days of yore."

Last but not least are the jokes
Of dear old M. H. S.
With Ray Chatfield as assistant
And written by Roy Hess.

These are the members all
Who were chosen for success
To make the 1918 Year Book
The pride of M. H. S.

So after you've scanned these pages,
We've worked on with great care,
If you have any praise to offer,
Please give the staff a share.

Making Both Ends Meet

The "Memoriae" staff will no doubt have to make greater efforts in "making both ends meet" than the traditional little pup, but we are at least determined to do so.



The price of the Annual has increased again this year, and could not have been published without either an increase in price or a decrease in both quality and quantity of the Annual, on account of the increase of prices in materials. This year we are selling a book for 75c that cost us \$1.00 to edit. Those who are interested in the management of the financial part of the publishing of

the "Memoriae" may glance over the following estimate which is as near correct as we can make at the present time.

Engraver's Bill.....	\$102.79
Photographer's Bill.....	34.00
Printer's Bill.....	225.00
Miscellaneous, postage, express, etc.....	30.00
Total.....	\$392.79
Probable receipts for books sold.....	\$250.00
Ads	105.00
Show	8.00
Money from Merchants for Soldiers' Books.....	28.00
Receipts from School Pictures.....	34.50
Total.....	\$425.50

Parent-Teachers Association

By MRS. LAURA BAKER

President.....Mrs. Laura Baker
Vice-President.....Mr. V. T. Smith
Secretary.....Miss Marguerite Fields
Treasurer.....Mrs. E. G. Gibson

Although the past year has been so largely filled with thoughts, and work, for the great war in which our country is at present engaged—still, the various sessions of the Association have been surprisingly well attended, and a great deal of interest manifested in all departments of child-welfare. One meeting was devoted exclusively to the physical needs of the little ones, and proved very attractive and helpful. Several sessions were given over to the ever popular question box. This method of acquiring information is a splendid one, as it promotes free discussion of

school policy, and helps to bring about a better understanding between parents and teachers. Thanks are due to the program committee for its fine work in making every session interesting as well as instructive. However, by far the most important work of the Association during the past year has been the campaign against the cigarette evil. To Mr. T. R. Johnston and Mr. V. T. Smith, Superintendent and Principal of the High School, respectively, must be given the greatest credit for the successful prosecution of this important reform. Its benefits will be of incalculable value to the youth of Momence and surrounding country. Finally in all its work the Association has tried to keep in view the supreme fact, that only upon the thorough training of the children, morally, mentally, and physically, rests the one hope of civilization.



Rumors of the School

By GENEVIEVE WILSON.

The following conversation between the Goddesses Venus and Minerva, who are the two statues at the end of the hall on the second floor of the High School building, tells some of the events which take place at school:

"I want to tell you how I happen to be here in this building," said the Goddess Venus. "I was presented to the High School by the class of 1908 as a class memorial, and I am supposed to stand here as a silent remembrance of that class."

"One of the classes presented me as a memorial to the High School, so you see I am here for the same purpose as you are," said the Goddess Minerva.

"By the way, what do you think of the Freshmen this year?" asked Venus.

"They seem to be even worse than the Freshmen of last year, if that can be possible," replied Minerva.

"The other day I was quite amused when the two girls came strolling down the hall and stopped in front of us and one girl stood under the crown which I hold and told me to crown her. I surely felt like doing it for it would be a relief to get rid of the crown even for a short time. Then the other girl kneeled at the point of your sword and told you to do the deed. I suppose she meant for you to kill

her. Wouldn't they have been surprised to have had their commands obeyed?" said Venus.

"Yes indeed they would. I thought the incident was quite amusing," replied Minerva. "Wonder what people would think if they knew that we could really think and talk as well as they?"

"I don't think that we would hear as many rumors and amusing things as we do now," replied Venus. "For instance, I never would have heard of Miss Dallach trying to catch a mouse in the Domestic Science room had it not have been for two girls giggling and joking about the incident."

"The other day I heard a loud laugh in the Assembly room and wondered what the people were laughing about, until I overheard one boy telling another that his friend didn't seem to be able to stay in his seat in the Assembly, so the teacher asked him if he was not able to find his seat. He replied that he could, but it was hard. The teacher then told him that perhaps they might have it padded if it was necessary." said Venus.

"Yes," answered Minerva, "there are so many interesting and amusing things going on at the High School, that if the outside people would visit school and become even more interested, they would be more willing to help any of the school affairs."



Society

I. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest" was not spoken of the "Memoria."

Historical Pageant

The pageant, "America," was given in the gymnasium on the evenings of October 19 and 20, under the supervision of Miss D. Miller of the Lincoln Chautauqua. There were various dances; flowers were represented, and even butterflies were present. Pupils from all grades and the High School participated in this entertainment. It was divided into four parts.

I. The Indians as the first inhabitants gave a weird war dance.

II. Early Settlers who began the building up of this

country. Immigrants of different countries were represented.

III. Small Momence. Represented arts and industries.

IV. Large Momence. Showed the great advances. Besides the pageant Miss Miller, who has much talent, rendered us several readings which were greatly appreciated.

The school cleared about twenty dollars after all expenses were paid which went towards the making the last payment on our piano.

The Year Book Banquet

The leaders of the year book contest were Warren Gray and Harry Schaffer, the latter being the winner.

The year book banquet, the annual banquet of the whole High School, was held on December 8 in the gymnasium. All hostilities ceased and the classes met as friends. The decorative scheme was Japanese.

MENU

Sandwiches

Potato Apples
Olives

Cream chicken in timbles

Celery

Tea

Cheese Straws

Wafers

Opera Sticks

Salad

Jello

Miss Wilhelmina Fedde was toastmistress. Each speaker introduced the next.

The Year Book.....	Irene Hardy
How It Feels to Be a Loser.....	Warren Gray
Foot Ball.....	John Condon
Basket Ball.....	Vern Cantway
How It Feels to Be a Winner.....	Harry Schaffer
School Spirit.....	Mr. Wells
Freshmen.....	Miss May
Sophomores.....	Bwedell Johnson
Juniors.....	Francis Fetzer
Seniors.....	Violet O'Connell
The Faculty.....	Harold McKee

Various games were played during the evening, although the most exciting thing we played was "Breaking the City Gates," which proved disastrous to some. We were bid to go home by the strains of "Home Sweet Home."

Christmas Party

The students of the High School held a party in the gymnasium on the evening of December 21, with the eighth grade as guests. There was a program which consisted of stunts given by the different classes:

First came the Freshmen who gave take-offs on our M. H. S. students.

The Sophomores presented a hospital scene and also a

school room, while the Juniors gave the casket scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

The Seniors bequeathed different things to our M. H. S. students.

After the program came the Christmas tree. Each one was given a stocking with apples, nuts, and candy in it. After a social hour every one went home saying they had had a very happy time.

Junior-Senior Reception

The Junior-Senior reception was held on Saturday evening, April 6.

The hall was beautifully decorated with strips of violet and white reaching to each side from a dropped ceiling. A booth was made at one end where punch was served. Bouquets of violets were placed around. The chairs were arranged in groups of fours. The whole thing giving an appearance of some garden.

The grand march started at nine o'clock. This was fol-

lowed by a social evening, and everyone took part in the various games and contests. Light refreshments were served consisting of brick ice cream and wafers, after which toasts were given by the following people:

So Long, Seniors.....	Violet O'Connell
So Long, Juniors.....	Harold McKee
Senior Brillancy.....	Mr. Smith
Assembly from 1:00 to 1:45.....	Marian Styles
The Stars.....	Howard Bradley
Why I Like to Be a Senior.....	Robert Nichols

I. The High School is one hundred per cent membership in the Junior Red Cross. About four hundred dollars was pledged by some of the boys and girls for the Y. M. C. A., which sum was to be earned by themselves. At present we are engaged in a contest for selling "Thrift and War Saving Stamps." The Freshmen-Juniors against the Sophomore-Seniors.

II. Friday evening, January 18, the Milford basketball team played Momence basket ball team. After the game, Miss Grace Styles entertained a few girls and the Milford team at a candy pull.

III. On the same evening, Robert Nichols entertained the members of the Momence team and girl friends. Cards was the diversion of the evening.

Senior Class Play

"A MIX-UP"

Presented at the gymnasium, April 12 and 13, under the direction of Lou Allen.

Synopsis—

- Act I. Stirring it up.
- Act II. It's Cooking.
- Act III. The Elopement.

The Cast—

Martin Henry, the laziest man in the county, Harold McKee
 Arthur Watson.....Robert Nichols
 Jack, Ted, Dick, friends of Art.....

Alfred Horsch, Lawrence Renstrom, Lawrence Benjamin

Miss Abigail Persons.....	Marian Styles
Mrs. Watson.....	Willabele Wiltse
Lucile Persons.....	Dorothy Smith
Marie, Jane, Mabel, friends of Lucile.....	
.....Grace Styles, Wilhelmina Fedde, Edith Lamport	
Mary, (Martin's aunt).....	Florence Logan
First Girl.....	Norma Smith
Second Girl.....	Lura Nelson
First Gypsy.....	Ruth Porter
Second Gypsy.....	Evelyn Faucher

About \$53 was cleared from the play.

Exhibition

The schools will hold an exhibition at the gymnasium on April 25, after supper. First will be drills given by the different gymnasium classes, under the management of Miss Roberts. Drawings, writings and work of the different grades will be on display. Also, a display of cook-

ing will be on exhibit from the Domestic Science class and sewing from the seventh and eighth grades and High School. A manual training display will also be on exhibit. All are welcome.

Soph-Junior Picnic

The Sophomores and Juniors will have a weiner and marshmallow roast down the river, Friday evening, April 26.

Commencement Program

May 19. Baccalaureate at the Episcopal church.

May 23. Class Day exercises.

May 24. Commencement at M. E. church.

Caps and gowns will be worn this year, the same as last.
There are nineteen prospective Seniors.

Oratorical Contest

The oratorical contest will be given on May 4 at the gymnasium. The following are the contestants:

"The Soul of the Violin".....	Irene Hardy
"Connor".....	Gertrude Porter
"Quentin Matsy".....	Opal Simonds
"From a Far Country".....	Leila Kennedy
"The Last Lesson".....	Violet O'Connell

Merchants Donation to Annuals to M. H. S. Soldier Boys

As our High School has a large number of boys in the service, we thought it fitting to dedicate the 1918 Annual to them. We thought that were it possible, we would send a book to each one of the boys. Feeling sure we could receive aid in an extra sale of books for this purpose, we solicited the aid of both business and professional men and private citizens of Momence, whom we felt sure would be interested as they always are in a good cause. We are glad to say that nearly all responded at once. We are able to print here a partial list of those who subscribed:

O. A. Burdick
P. J. Cleary
V. T. Smith
M. C. Hobart
Thomas Payne
Mabel Bowman
D. C. Riker
T. R. Johnston
Oscar Conrad
Ralph B. Hardy
G. B. Dallach
H. C. Hanson
N. M. Roberts
C W Styles
Fred M. Nichols
G. A. Wells
J. B. France
Clare Terry

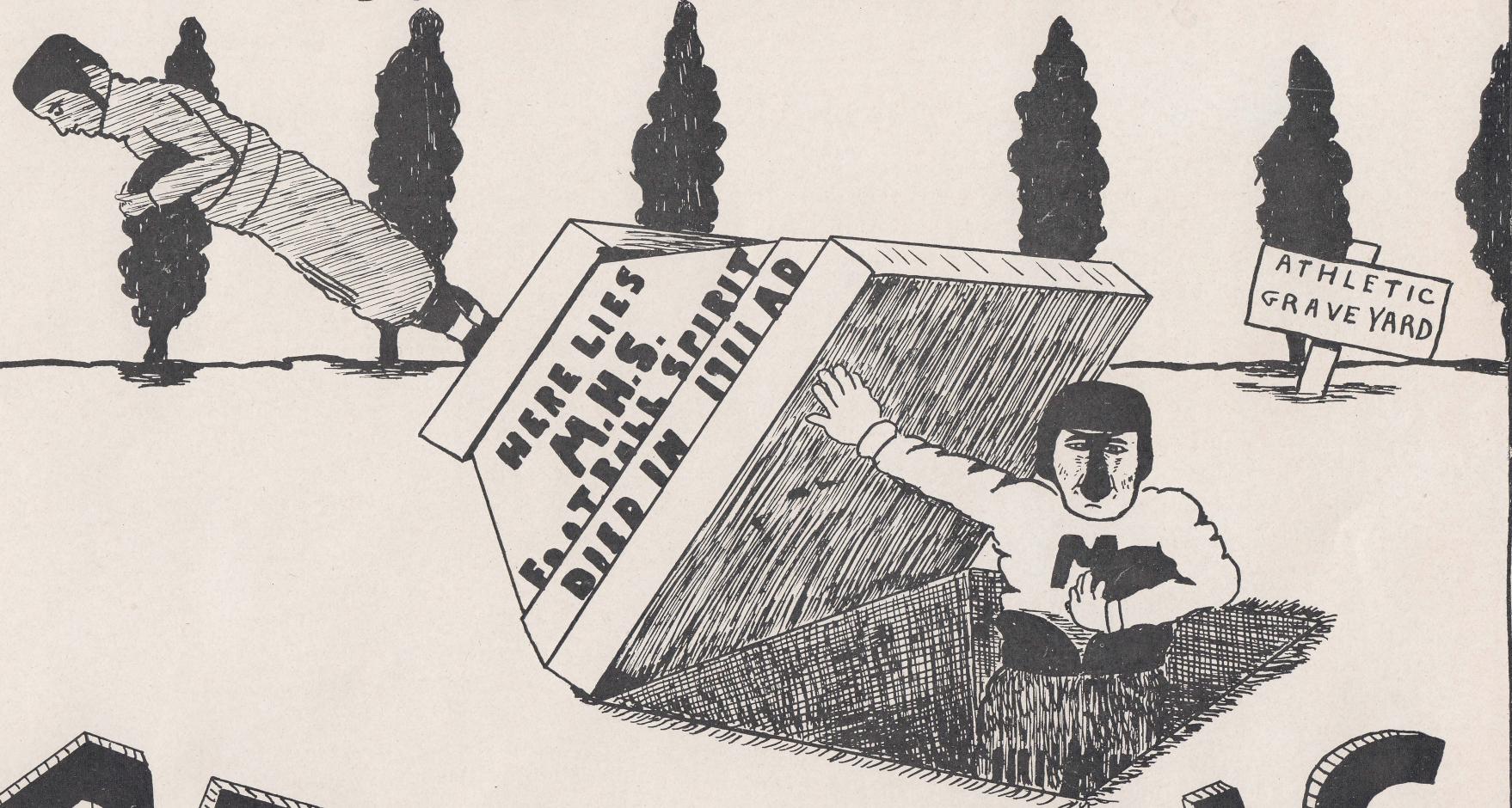
N. P. Jenson
Rev. D. Wilson
Isaac E. Hardy
Harry Hall
Dr. A. S. Burtt
D. S. Deardurff
Clara B. Clegg
Cromwell Bros.
Varnum Parish
M. O. Franks
J. W. Tower
C. B. Astle
Grace May
Sam. W. Calkins
John Hess
W. J. Riley
Chas. Hess
E. J. Gibson

In Memory of J. Kenrich

Jay Kenrich, class of '93 of the Momence High School, passed away in the M. E. Hospital at Indianapolis, Jan. 10, 1918.

Of a quiet, unassuming and sweet disposition, he was an inspiration to his classmates and teachers and all with whom he came in contact. The class of '93 cannot forget his smiling face, and extend sympathy to the sorrowing ones left, who were more closely related to him. In the words of his graduating essay "Silent Forces" were embodied his life's ideal. "We are seven" may be said of the class of '93, one of whom has received his, "Well done, good (and faithful servant, enter into the joys of the Lord."

FOOTBALL REVIVED IN '17



ATHLETIC

H McKEE '18

Football

The call for football men this year was answered by about twenty-four students and most of them were raw material. Mr. Johnston, assisted by Mr. Wells, had charge of the coaching, and they started the fellows by formation plays. After a few evenings of practice, the first squad was picked. Mr. Johnston's efficiency as coach was proved by the fact that he could take a bunch of green men and make a team of football players out of them who were able to win half of the games played. He deserves much credit for bringing the team up to what it was at the close of the season.

OUR TEAM

John Condon, our captain, was not exactly raw material but rather stale from no practice for four or five years. He worked up to one of the fastest and cleverest players on the team. John was always in the game and he never knew what the word "quit" meant. With him for Captain, the fellows were ready to go in to win.

Fetzer, one of our halfbacks, was a new man at Momence this year, coming from Grant Park. He made the team without a try, and we don't have to guess what he can do, for he has already shown us at Watseka, Chicago Heights and Momence. We lost Fetzer about the middle of the season because of an injured leg, which he received while playing at Watseka. The fact that Fetzer will be our Captain next year shows what the fellows think of him as a football player.

Tomas, we all know from basket ball, and he is every bit as much a football player as he is a basket ball player. Frankie says, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall,"

and he surely has shown us he wasn't bluffing when Momence met Kentland. We hope to have Frankie on our next year's team.

Chatfield is a very light man but also very fast. He and Tomas changed about from halfback to end. Chatfield with a couple year's experience will make one of the fastest ends that Momence has ever turned out. This is "Chatties" first try at football and he is only a Junior.

Nichols, our quarterback, the brains of our team, gave the play to the team and under his guidance they succeeded in pulling off some very clever work. Nichols showed some brilliant work in the games with Dwight, and also at Watseka and Momence. He is not built for the line but he can play in the back field.

Benjamin, center, is short but husky and it took a real man to get through center when "Benji" was there. He was a new man when football started this season but he finished like a veteran. Benjamin says if he had Hank Seavy's height and Arthur J's width he would like to play Kentland again.

Bydalek played end and guard, and played both places O. K., even if this was his first try at football. Ed was always after the other man and very seldom missed him.

Burch with a lot of "hulk" was the man for the line. When every quarterback would call, "Burch back," the opposing team would look at one another and turn white. Burch always hit the line like an express train.

Bradley was light but full of good old Dallach "pep." Bradley was always out to practice and never missed a game. He played end and filled his position like a man who has played for years even though it was his first year.



VIII. "The devil sweetens poison with honey."

Kellar, a surprise to M. H. S., was much lighter than any other man on the team but he never let this bother him when it came to hitting the line. He played a game that would make some old players look new.

Cantway, one of the tackles, could hold his own with any man he played against this season. He came out the first night to practice and played all through the season. After this he quit school.

The first game of the season was played at Chicago Heights, where we were defeated by a score of 36 to 0. This is not bad considering the team we played and the condition of our players. Fetzer and Condon were surely hitting the line. Fetzer would tear through the line and make gains, but we were always unlucky enough to lose the ball.

The second game was played with Onarga at Momence. Our boys defeated them, 46 to 6. Chatfield, Nichols and Fetzer were the stars in this game. Burch also did some fine line-charging. Nichols at quarter worked his men so that Onarga did not know which way they were going at the start of the third quarter.

Watseka defeated us 12 to 0 in the third game. Fetzer was hurt in this game and was out of the games for several weeks. All of our back-field played the game like veterans, but our line was a little light for the weight they had to buck. The boys reported a fine time in Watseka while it lasted.

In our fourth game, we defeated Dwight 40 to 0. Dwight had a very light line but a good heavy back-field. Our men went through them like shots from a cannon. Dwight went home a very sorry looking bunch.

Roy Hess, Dud, a right tackle on the team. Dud was put on the first squad at the beginning of the season and remained there all through the season. Dud was hurt at Chicago Heights when some little fellow kicked him in the side. Dud was always wide awake on a football field, and seldom missed a tackle.

Porter subbed and won his "M" as did also Cook and Johnson.

Our Games

St. Viators at Momence defeated our team by twelve points. They had our team outweighed about twenty pounds to the man. Our boys played the best game of the season here and held one of the strongest teams in the country down to very near nothing. Burch, Cantway, and Hess held their part of the line to perfection. The score was 12 to 0.

Kentland—that's enough; we won't say much about this game. They were the champions of Northern Indiana, and through some mistake we scheduled a game with them.

Dwight at Dwight. Our boys started out for Dwight about 10:30 in a Ford, and arrived there about 2:30 or 3:00 o'clock. Some of the spectators got tired of waiting and missed part of the games. Dwight was not any stronger at home than when we played here. Their line was like an egg shell. Burch would hit the line and fall, because he said there was no interference to hold him up.

Overalls game. A team made up of old players around Momence played the H. S. team on Thanksgiving Day. Our boys were all in trim and showed the people a very interesting game. This game ended our football season, and a very successful season at that. We won half of our games, and worked up a team that will make a spotless record next year.



X. Edith: "Great modesty often hides great merit."

Basketball

Basketball for the years 17-18 started with only three old men back. Gelino, Clegg, Edwards, and Cook, all graduated and a new bunch of players had to be picked. The first call for recruits was answered by a large number of candidates. Everybody seemed to have a small amount of hope of making the team, and, as it was, it became a very hard task for Mr. Smith to pick a regular squad. The season was begun with Condon and Tomas as forward, Cook and Bradley as guards, and Nichols at center, with Burch, Chatfield, and Bydalek as substitutes. But later on in the season, Condon was forced to drop out, and Burch stepped in and took the guard's position. This placed Nichols at forward and Cook in center. Then, later on in the season, Bradley was disabled by rheumatism, and we were forced to look for another guard. Fetzer was taken to St. Anne, and after he played that game, his position was a sure one from then on through the season, the lineup being as follows:

Nichols.....	L. forward
Tomas.....	R. forward
Cook.....	center
Burch.....	guard
Bradley.....	guard
Fetzer.....	guard
Chatfield.....	forward

THE TEAM

Tomas, "Hinky," an old man from last year and a good one too. He was our '17-'18 captain and filled his office as well as any other captain before him. Tomas is a very clever basket shooter and is hard to beat when it comes to floor work. Tomas demonstrated his ability to take care of himself in a few of the games, such as the K. K. K. High game, the Y. M. C. A. game, and also when he and Travis, Morroco's large fullback, were playing against each other. Tomas will be back next year.

Nichols, "Bob," a Senior whom we are very sorry to lose. This year ('17-'18) is Nichols' third year on the

floor, and he surely deserves credit for the wonderful work he has done. "Bob," as he is well known by the students, is like a "streak of greased lightening" on the basketball floor. He is a very cool-headed, clever player, and very good on getting away from his men. He has next to the highest number of points ever made by one man in any game Momence has every played.

Cook, "Jack." This is Cook's second year on the team. He is a Junior and will be back next year. He played guard, forward, and center.

Fetzer, "Fetz" or "Bill." Fetzer missed more than half of our basketball season because of an injured leg received while playing football, but it looked like he wanted to make up for lost time the way he played after he started. He played his best game at St. Anne where he surely did make the little French boys work (no offense please). Fetzer is Sophomore this year and we expect to have him back next year.

Burch or "Billy," as he is sometimes called, made the team at the start of the season. We can credit Burch, I think we can safely say, with winning, or helping win, some of our hardest games by his good work at guard. Bill is not what you can call a little fellow, he is about five feet and eleven inches tall, and weighs about 170 pounds, but for all of that, it takes a mighty fast man to leave him on the floor. Burch is a Junior.

Bradley, a fine little guard, and very long winded. Bradley is never "all in" on a basketball floor, and continually wears his opponent out by sticking to his man. This is Bradley's first year with the team, and we were very unfortunate in losing him before the season was over. He is a Junior this year, and expects to return for next season.

Chatfield, "Chattie," one of our subs and in line for the regular position of forward on next year's team. "Chattie" has had his first year on the floor, and has shown his ability at basket shooting. He played in two or three whole games and showed up finely in both games. Tomas and Chattie at forward, for next year's team will make that part of the team hard to beat.

Our Games

Our first game of the basket ball-season was played with Milford at Milford where our boys won by a score of 21 to 0. All the boys were given a chance to try their luck on the floor, which was about forty feet long and fifteen feet wide. In front of the baskets was a large iron pipe, which made shooting from the floor impossible; but against all these odds we won the game by a large score. The team received better treatment at Milford than at any other town they visited, especially from the feminine sex.

Our second game was played at Momence with the Alumni, which proved as it always does, a very interesting game. Our boys were in tip top shape and beat the Alumni, which was made up of old stars such as Gelino, Clegg, and Fay Ault. The score at the end of the game was 15 to 4.

The third game was played against St. Anne at Momence. The game ended with the score one point in favor of St. Anne. Condon and Tomas starred in this game. We, I think, can lay our defeat to the lack of men, Burch, Cook, and Fetzer being unable to be at the game, and the rest of the team had had very little practice. Well, Cheer Up! Better results when we visit France.

The fourth game was played at Watseka, and here Momence was defeated because of the lack of men. Condon, Tomas and Bradley were the only first team men who went. Condon treated the Watseka boys a little rough and was barred from the game on four personals. Tomas played a very good game, and so did Chatfield and Bradley. The boys all came home, telling of the pretty girls and good time they had had in Watseka.

Our next game was played with Milford at Momence. Again we beat the Milford boys by a very large score. Nichols was the big basket shooter that night, making twenty-six points out of the fifty-six. Tomas also did some good shooting. Milford only made 14 points and some of our girls felt so sorry for the boys that they gave them a little party to cheer them up.

The next game we played at St. Anne, where Napoleon met his Waterloo. We beat the St. Anne boys on their own floor, 16-14. This, of course, made the boys feel pretty happy, so after the game they all wanted to be together. This resulted in six of the boys sleeping in one room. At least that was their excuse, but we think that their change ran pretty low.

The boys were next taken to Kankakee, where they met defeat by a fairly large score. Our boys seemed to be lost on Kankakee's large floor. When the Kankakee boys turned around and threw the ball through the basket without looking at it, our boys rather lost heart. The Kankakee boys are either extraordinarily good basket shooters or lucky. We think it was mostly luck.

The Watseka game at Momence was a different story. We had our whole first team on the floor and defeated them by a score of 19 to 9. Watseka played hard, but it was of no use, they could not stop Nichols and Tomas from shooting baskets. This is the first time Watseka has ever been beaten by Momence in basket ball.

Next Morocco came to Momence to be beaten. This was their first year at basketball, but they surely did play some game for new players. We beat them by a score of 28 to 1. Tomas did most of our basket shooting, and Nichols and Fetzer our floor work.

When Kankakee arrived in Momence, they were sure of wiping us off the map. They were out for a hundred points, but went home with 18. We were defeated by a very small score, about 5 points. Burch and Fetzer deserve special credit for the good guarding that was done, and also Nichols, for his floor work.

The next game was with the Kankakee Y. M. C. A. team on our own floor. During the first half of the game Momence led with about 5 points, but after the Y. ran in the physical director as center, the Y. team woke up and defeated our boys by a very few points. All of the team were playing their best, but with grown men against them, they didn't stand very much of a show.

Our last game was played with an Independent team from Grant Park. They defeated our team by one point, both halves of the game being very close. Our boys played against an ex-Onarga Seminary star, and an ex-Springfield center, but held them both down to a very few baskets. We all hope that our next year's team play the games that our '17-'18 boys did. They played twelve games and won six, playing against some very great odds.

Alumnae

CLASS OF 1877

Eva (Jewets) Beers.....	Hoxie, Kansas
Mary (Haslett) Brady.....	Crown Point, Indiana
Eva Griffin (deceased).....	
L. Emma Griffin.....	Clark Summit, Pennsylvania
Eaton Haslett.....	Long Beach, California
Sarah (McKinstry) Kelly.....	Madison, South Dakota
Ida (Smithyman) Little.....	Momence, Illinois
Clara Thompson.....	Bunker Hill, Indiana

CLASS OF 1888

Maggie (Brown) Cory.....	Marne, Iowa
Ella (Fitzgerald) Moran.....	Chicago, Illinois
Mary (Hughes) McDonald.....	Yankton, South Dakota

CLASS OF 1892

Martha (Chipman) Henry.....	Villa Grove, Illinois
Francis (McDaniels) Taylor.....	Chicago, Illinois
Mary (Knighthart) Meinzer.....	Momence, Illinois
Nora (Culver) Paradis.....	Minneapolis, Minnesota
Florence (Riker) Reins.....	Steptoe, Washington
Martha (Clark) Watson.....	Highland Park, Illinois

CLASS OF 1893

Maude (Shrontz) DuMontelle.....	Momence, Illinois
Norman Griffin.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Carrie (Griffin) Cloidt.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Jay Kenrich, minister (deceased).....	
Bertha (Lamb) Dennison.....	Exline, Illinois
Maude (Patrick) Rose.....	Chicago, Illinois
Maude (Whitmore) Sweet.....	Cherryvale, Kansas

CLASS OF 1894

C. M. C. Buntain, attorney.....	Kankakee, Illinois
May (Simonds) Burch.....	Momence, Illinois
Frank C. Culver.....	La Porte, Indiana
Burr Groves.....	Sparta, Wisconsin

Ethel (Nichols) Einslee.....	Brunswick, Indiana
Ralph Krows, reporter.....	Tacoma, Washington
Elmer Longpre, physician.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Minnie (Reins) Wilkinson.....	Kankakee, Illinois
John Wilkinson.....	Kankakee, Illinois

CLASS OF 1895

Gertrude (Ellis) Hess.....	Momence, Illinois
H. W. Freeman, dentist.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Eva (Kious) Knaur.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Hilma (Melby) Kinney.....	Momence, Illinois
Jessica (Patrick) Bacon.....	Tipton, Indiana
Charles Pogue.....	Crawfordsville, Indiana
E. L. Stafford.....	West Superior, Wisconsin
Fred Willis.....	Chicago, Illinois
Samuel Sanstrom (deceased).....	

CLASS OF 1896

Magdeline Campbell.....	Momence, Illinois
Elwin J. Clarke, civil engineer.....	New York City
Fred O. Clark.....	Momence, Illinois
May Culver, musician.....	Ortonville, Minnesota
Lena (Drayer) Collier.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Jessie M. Gray.....	Yonkers, New York
Ernest Griffin.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Clara Langdon.....	Portland, Oregon
May (Buffington) Hoinke.....	Ft. Dodge, Iowa
Grayce Lane, musician.....	Momence, Illinois

CLASS OF 1898

Hattie (Ingraham) Biglow.....	Los Angeles, California
Carrie (Morgan) Beatty.....	Chicago, Illinois
William J. Cleary, priest.....	Mendota, Illinois
Julia Dowling.....	Chicago, Illinois
Bertha Durham.....	Momence, Illinois
Hattie (Gibson) Dunn.....	Redlands, California
Rosilda (Fountain) Hearst.....	St. Louis, Missouri

Henry Hanson..... Miles City, Montana
 Clara Kelsey..... Grand Bay, Alabama
 Cora (Simonds) O'Connell..... Momence, Illinois
 Delia O'Donnell..... Chicago, Illinois

CLASS 1899

Mary L. Bukowski..... Kankakee, Illinois
 Harold Dennis..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Edna (Paradis) McDonald..... Chicago, Illinois
 Norman Shaw..... Washington, D. C.
 Clyde Tabler, coal and lumber dealer..... Momence, Illinois
 Josephine (Wagner) Crowell..... Chicago, Illinois

CLASS OF 1900

Amos Chamberlain, farmer..... Momence, Illinois
 James Cleary, merchant..... Momence, Illinois
 Carroll C. Clark..... Chicago, Illinois
 Georgia (Lamport) Coleman..... Brazil, Indiana
 Lena (Dennis) Felt..... Momence, Illinois
 Nellie (Dwyer) Gordon..... Penfield, Illinois
 Will Harris..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Junia Johnson..... Crete, Illinois
 Lena (Garrett) Montgomery..... Stockland, Illinois
 Mattie (Babin) Mulcher..... Michigan, Illinois
 Stephen Morgan (deceased).....
 Bessie (McKee) Porter..... Chilocco, Oklahoma
 Edward A. Porter..... Chilocco, Oklahoma
 Idella (Parmley) Sollitt..... Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
 Phoebe (Gibeault) Sprinkle..... Villa Grove, Illinois
 Florence (Culver) Shaffer..... Minnesota
 Belle Rice, teacher..... Momence, Illinois
 Fred Willis, mail clerk..... Momence, Illinois
 May (Lamport) Wallace..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Ida (Stratton) Woody..... Ft. Worth, Texas

CLASS OF 1901

Josie (Dwyer) Linton..... Lavina, Montana
 Olive (Burchard) Freeman..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Birdie (Smith) Gregoire..... Tacoma, Washington
 Ida (Force) Wilcott..... Bartlesville, Oklahoma

Francis (Clark) Hartman..... Hesperia, Michigan
 Alma (Drayer) Jackson..... Dover, New Hampshire
 Mamie (Brady) Keltinger..... Rose Lawn, Indiana
 Wayne Kelsey..... East Spokane, Washington
 Clara Nadolni..... Chicago, Illinois
 George Porter, school superintendent..... Goodland, Indiana
 Lucile (Thurber) Smith..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Ethel Weaver, teacher..... Kankakee, Illinois

CLASS OF 1902

Jennie Cleary, teacher..... Momence, Illinois
 Elizabeth (Cleary) Riley..... Chicago, Illinois
 Masie (Kious) Chamberlain..... Momence, Illinois
 Laura Dennis..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Joseph Gibeault, merchant..... Villa Grove, Illinois
 Anna Hanson, teacher..... Redlands, California
 Blanche (Freeman) Lewis..... Momence, Illinois
 Phoebe Nelson..... Chicago, Illinois
 Ezra Porter (deceased).....
 Grace Seaman..... Rochester, Indiana
 Estella (Vane) Sergeant..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Laura (Gibson) Watrous..... Mystic, Connecticut

CLASS OF 1903

Bonnie (Weaver) Abeles..... Naugatuck, Connecticut
 Ivy (Porter) Bruner..... Brook, Indiana
 Edith (Bennett) Chamberlain..... Momence, Illinois
 Flora (Dayton) Chipman..... Cortland, New York
 Blanche (Wilson) Esson..... Grant Park, Illinois
 Martha (Baechler) Garrett..... Champaign, Illinois
 Frank W. Garrett, instructor..... Champaign, Illinois
 Marion (Searles) Hanson..... Momence, Illinois
 Sarah Hanson, teacher..... Chicago, Illinois
 Blendina Miller, artist..... Washington, D. C.
 Varnum Parish, attorney..... Momence, Illinois
 Niles Porter, farmer..... Momence, Illinois
 Carrie (Spry) Pifer..... Bloomington, Indiana
 Esther (Gray) Wilson..... Stanwood, Washington
 Edna (Dayton) Wheeler..... Chicago, Illinois

CLASS OF 1904

Carrie (Clark) Blood..... Buffalo, Wyoming
 Edward Cleary, bank cashier..... Momence, Illinois
 Agnes (Peterson) Christensen, teacher..... Momence, Illinois

Lloyd Crosby (deceased).....	
Sadie Crosby, nurse.....	Riedel, Montana
Myrtle Gibeault, stenographer.....	Chicago, Illinois
Viola (Chipman) Holman.....	San Francisco, California
Leigh Kelsey, farmer.....	East Spokane, Washington
Clyde Parmley, electrician.....	Kewanee, Illinois
Ina (Hess) Robinson.....	Edgewood, Illinois
Anna Templeton, clerk.....	Chicago, Illinois
Gilbert A. Willis, teacher.....	Union Hill, Illinois
Marie (Wennerholma) Wennerholma.....	Momence, Illinois
Clara Wilson, student.....	Normal, Illinois

CLASS OF 1905

Georgia Bennett.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Stella (Dwyer) Goodere.....	Chicago, Illinois
Jessie Garrett, teacher.....	Standard, Illinois
Jay Garrett, farmer.....	Knob Noster, Missouri
Lola (Vane) Hazard.....	Chicago, Illinois
Hallie (Selby) McLaughlin.....	Cerro Gordo, California
Virginia (Tabler) Roden.....	Pasadena, California

CLASS OF 1905

Francis Cleary, priest.....	Warsaw, Illinois
Nina Fish.....	Muskogee, Oklahoma
Will Hanson.....	Chicago, Illinois
Serina (Johnson) Hanson.....	Chicago, Illinois
Emma (Pitman) Vane.....	Momence, Illinois
Irene (Buckner) Wheeler.....	Momence, Illinois

CLASS OF 1907

Hazel Broad, teacher.....	Chesterton, Indiana
John Bukowski, soldier.....	U. S. Army
Myrtle Crosby.....	Riedel, Montana
Lottie (Hess) Chipman.....	Momence, Illinois
Nellie (Loghry) Cleff.....	Oak Park, Illinois
Frank Dufrain, teacher.....	Rockford, Illinois
Lucile (Fish) Hunt.....	Lowell, Indiana
Harry Hoag, Bijou theatre.....	Momence, Illinois
Cleannie Little.....	Momence, Illinois
Mamie Halpin, stenographer.....	Chicago, Illinois
Carrie (Hansen) Sauers.....	Conrad, Indiana

CLASS OF 1908

Meryl Boyd.....	Wessington, South Dakota
Hazel (Thurber) Britton.....	Watseka, Illinois
Bessie Bennett.....	Hollywood, California
Francis Halpin, private secretary.....	Chicago, Illinois
Florence (Smith) Hayden.....	Yorkville, Illinois
Will Hayden, automobiles.....	Yorkville, Illinois
Axel Hanson, teacher.....	Grand Rivers, Iowa
Margaret Nelson, teacher.....	Hammond, Indiana

Clare Porter, clerk.....	Morocco, Indiana
Will Parish, Radio Corps.....	U. S. Navy
James Ryan.....	Cissna Park, Illinois
Minnie (Shoultz) Wilmot.....	Amarilla, Texas
Margaret (McMann) Sawyer.....	Lansing, Michigan
Mattie Stetson, milliner.....	Momence, Illinois
Josephine Tiffany, musician.....	Momence, Illinois
Jesse Wilson, farmer.....	Grant Park, Illinois

CLASS OF 1909

Clara (Burtt) Allen.....	Rushville, Indiana
Mabel (Popejoy) Blakely.....	Indianapolis, Indiana
Ida (Anderson) Baker.....	N. Manchester, Indiana
Georgia Bigoness.....	Momence, Illinois
James Crosby, ranchman.....	Riedel, Montana
Claude DuBridge.....	Chicago Heights, Illinois
Arthur Giroux.....	U. S. Army
Gaylord Hess, physician.....	Chicago, Illinois
Anna Keeler, teacher.....	Beecher, Illinois
George Nichols, soldier.....	U. S. Army in France
Harold Smith, farmer.....	Lowell, Indiana
Will Tuttle.....	Danville, Illinois

CLASS OF 1910

Louise (Astle) Wilson.....	Chicago, Illinois
Beatrice Barsalou, stenographer.....	Chicago, Illinois
Beulah (Cremer) Cornelius.....	West Frankfort, Illinois
Clifford Conner.....	Momence, Illinois
Margaret Cleary, teacher.....	Manteno, Illinois
Percival Dennis.....	U. S. Army
George Grabe, soldier.....	U. S. Army
Irene Garrett.....	Momence, Illinois
Grace (Porter) Greenwalt.....	Momence, Illinois
Irma Gordinier, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Marie Jackson, clerical work.....	Chicago, Illinois
Eva Lilly, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Neil Metcalf.....	Vananda, Montana
Cathryn Mazur, teacher.....	Manteno, Illinois
Harold Nelson, monotype foreman.....	Chicago, Illinois
Lester Polk, civil engineer.....	Sanford, Indiana
John Stratton.....	Buenos Aires, Argentina
Catherine (Halpin) Sherwood.....	Momence, Illinois
Cecil Sherwood.....	Momence, Illinois
Howard Walker, electrician.....	Chicago, Illinois
Mary Law, nurse.....	Chicago, Illinois
Mabel Snow.....	Momence, Illinois

CLASS OF 1911

Ivan Crosby.....	United States Navy
Ethel Dwyer, teacher.....	Penfield, Illinois
Everette Fountaine.....	U. S. Navy

Dean Howk, teacher of Mathematics and Athletic Coach.....	Assumption, Illinois
Capitola Hanson, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Helen Kirby.....	Momence, Illinois
Alice Wilson, teacher.....	Grant Park, Illinois

CLASS OF 1912

Florence (West) Astle.....	Momence, Illinois
Wayne Allen, soldier.....	U. S. Forces in France
Jean Bigelow, stenographer.....	Chicago, Illinois
George Bukowski, railway clerk.....	Momence, Illinois
Mary Clark, bookkeeper Y. M. C. A.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Walter Dubridge.....	U. S. N., Yale College
Ragnild Jensen, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Effie Lunstrom, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Maude (Hupp) Lavery.....	Gary, Indiana
Helen Melby, teacher.....	Villa Grove, Illinois
Harry Seavey, student.....	University of Illinois

CLASS OF 1913

Ethel Bradley.....	Momence, Illinois
Mabel Clapsaddle.....	Hollywood, California
Leonard Gordinier, sailor.....	U. S. Navy
Ruby (Tuttle) Hampton.....	Watseka, Illinois
Clark Howk, Consumers Company.....	Chicago, Illinois
Oscar Hanson.....	Redlands, California
Anthony Parish, Ordnance Dept.....	U. S. Army
Nora (Lynds) Snow.....	Momence, Illinois
Charles Tuttle.....	Chicago, Illinois
Earl Todd, aviator (deceased)	

CLASS OF 1914

Lulu Beyerlein.....	Momence, Illinois
Bessie Brassard.....	Momence, Illinois
Helena Hardy, student.....	De Kalb Normal
Selma Johnson, bookkeeper.....	Momence, Illinois
Dorothy Nelson, assistant postmistress.....	Momence, Illinois
Viola (Olson) Albert.....	Momence, Illinois
Duwana Rasmussen, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Florence (Smith) Round.....	Chicago, Illinois
Livonia Walker, teacher.....	Warsaw, Illinois
Harry Wiechen, teacher.....	Beecher, Illinois
Zenaida (Zahl) Fredricks.....	Chicago, Illinois

CLASS OF 1915

Amiee Bigelow, student of nursing.....	Chicago, Illinois
Ruth Boswell, student.....	Northwestern University
Lucy Brown, milliner.....	Momence, Illinois
Robert Dennis, teacher.....	Tallmadge, Illinois
Elva Dubridge, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Fred Evans, clerk.....	
Viola Evans.....	Grant Park, Illinois

George Ferree, student.....	University of Illinois
Margaret Greenwalt, teacher.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Clay Hayden, Radio Dept.....	U. S. Navy
Monroe Hayden, hardware merchant.....	St. Anne, Illinois
Edgar Jensen.....	U. S. Army
Hazel McConnel, stenographer.....	Momence, Illinois
Hilton Nichols, soldier.....	U. S. Army
Pauline Nichols, student.....	University of Illinois
Margaret Nelson, teacher.....	Hammond, Indiana
Lucile Peterson, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Lora Simonds, teacher.....	Beecher, Illinois
Gertrude Smith.....	Momence, Illinois
Charles Steevens.....	U. S. Army, France
Philip Sweet, stenographer.....	Momence, Illinois

CLASS OF 1916

Fay Ault, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Florence Bright, assistant postmistress.....	Momence, Illinois
Leora Bishop, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Lyle Brown, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Elnora Dickey, stenographer.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Viola DuFrain, student of University of Illinois.....	Champaign
Ruth Hanson.....	Momence, Illinois
Gerald Manzer.....	Hammond, Indiana
Fred Melby, sailor.....	U. S. Navy
Paul Nelson.....	Hammond, Indiana
Martha Searls, student.....	Normal, Illinois
Marie Seavey, stenographer.....	Momence, Illinois
Mildred Storrs, clerical work.....	Chicago, Illinois
Dorothy Styles, student.....	Rockford College
Hazel Taylor, stenographer.....	Momence, Illinois
Elva Turrell, assistant.....	Momence, Illinois

CLASS OF 1917

Gladys Jackson, stenographer.....	Chicago, Illinois
Elizabeth McKinstry, student.....	University of Illinois
Martina Condon.....	Chicago Heights, Illinois
Dorothy Durham, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Jack Clegg, student.....	Notre Dame, Indiana
Florence Cole, teacher.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Ray Cook.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Alvira Dickey, stenographer.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Vivian Edwards.....	U. S. Ambulance Dept., France
Alice Hardy, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Mildred Hayden.....	Grant Park, Illinois
Lucy Hupp, stenographer.....	Gary, Indiana
Anna Johnson, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Ellen Johnson, teacher.....	Momence, Illinois
Ruth Johnson, student.....	Normal University
Lulu Knaur, stenographer.....	Kankakee, Illinois
Amy Mattocks.....	Momence, Illinois



Freshman

Freshman Roll Call and Officers

President.....	Burdell Johnson
Vice President.....	
Treasurer.....	Thelma Larkins
Historian.....	Margaret Hobart
Student Council.....	Lila Kennedy

Anderson, William	Jensen, Cora
Ault, Archie	Johnson, Theodore
Benjamin, Ruth	Johnson, Burdell
Bright, Ruby	Kinney, Marie
Beyerlein, Hazel (deceased)	Knautz, Charlie
Brown, Della	Kennedy, Lila
Clawson, Leroy	Kent, Donald
Conrad, Willie	Larkins, Thelma
Cook, Atherton	Martin, Laura
Davis, Bernice	Mitchell, Josephine
Fedde, Mildred	Metcalf, Fred
Farmer, Hazel	Meinzer, Lula
Greenawalt, Jessie	Payne, Kathryn
Gibson, Leila	Ross, Ruby
Hardy, Ernest	Stearman, Gladys
Hobart, Margaret	Walker, Genola
Hall, Alma	Wiltse, Fred
High, Ethel	Wiltse, Loraine
Hunte, Harry	

Flower—Blue and Gold Pansy

Colors—Oriental Blue and Gold

Motto: "Crescat Scientia" (May Knowledge Increase)



XIX. Evelyn: "Speak little, do much."

Freshman Prophecy

By MARGARET HOBART

In the year 1930, while sitting at my desk idly gazing into a crystal globe, the figures 1921 suddenly appeared. Instantly my thoughts went back to that class of the Momence High School, and I wondered what had become of each of my classmates. Upon returning my gaze to the depths of the globe each of them passed in and out of sight.

The first one who appeared was Burdell Johnson, seated at his desk as principal of Momence's large schools. He looked very stern and at that moment was severely scolding a youngster for chewing gum. Alas, how soon we forgot! In different rooms of the buildings I saw Rubie Ross, sedately presiding over a large class in Domestic Science, Gladys Stearman teaching foreign languages, Leila Gibson teaching English, and Lulu Meinzer directing a class in music. Then my Globe became merely white.

In a moment I was looking upon a scene in a mining camp in Alaska. From the sign over the office door I knew at once the owners to be Archie Ault and Charlie Knaur, and by the appearance of the camp I saw that they were prospering.

The next place my globe took me was New York. There I saw Mildred Fedde in her studio, illustrating for the most popular magazines, and Lila Kennedy, working on her newest book, as she had become a great writer. Fred Metcalf, having been very slow, but pains-taking was now one of the most widely known scientists in New York. I saw Josephine Mitchell as a great designer, whose name was "Louise," and with her was Laura Martin, famous for her

imported millinery. Ethel High was a violinist of note and I saw Ruth Benjamin running one of the largest hotels in the city.

In my globe appeared William Anderson, who was a great orator and lawyer. Loraine Wiltse had become a famous fancy dancer, and Alma Hall, a marvelous vocalist. Thelma Larkins was a movie actress and was working very hard in a studio in California. Fred Wiltse and Donald Kent were running a large drug store, and Genola Walker was successfully operating a moving picture house.

The next scene formed in my globe was in a sunny part of California. Amid beautiful surroundings I saw a shining white hospital. Then suddenly there appeared a room in this hospital. LeRoy Clawson, as head physician, was hastily giving out orders to three nurses who were my old classmates, Cora Jensen, Hazel Farmer and Bernice Davis. I saw Harry Hunte as a great astronomer and Atherton Cooke was a director of athletics in a San Francisco school. Theodore Johnson had become an aviator and was diligently trying to get to Mars.

My globe next showed me a scene in China. In the center of a group of Chinese children was Kathryne Payne as a Missionary. I saw Ernest Hardy as our minister to Brazil, and in Hawaii was Marie Kinney, Della Brown and Jessie Greenwalt spending the winter, having just finished a successful concert tour in the United States.

I waited patiently for more information about the good old class of '21 but in vain, and to this day my precious globe has not revealed another secret.

(OH MOMENCE!! How could you be so CR-O-O-L; SNIFF-SNIFF !!)

Were
they
=====

JOKES

We'll
say
they were.
=====

AW LEMME
ALONE — !!!

AW HE HIT —
ME T-T-T-WICET-T

AMATEUR
NITE
DWIGHT
AND
ONARGA
STARING



ONARGA

DWIGHT

WE
ARE
LOYAL
TO YOU
M. H.?

HEER BOYS
CHEER
MOMENCE HAS
THE
BALL



MCKEE

Violet (at piano)—“What shall I play?”
W. Gray (absently)—“What’s trump?”



Atherton Cook—“What’s the little door in the wall?”
Mitch—“That’s an electric switch.”
A. C.—“Gee, does it hurt?”



Sophomore—“Did you hear about the awful accident?”
Freshie—“No, what?”
Soph.—“A rough had his eye on a girl’s ankle and she twisted it.”



Ziggy held the maiden’s hand and said,
“May I the question pop?”
She coyly bent her pretty head,
“Better question ‘pop’”



Mutt—“See here, Burch, I found a button in the salad.”
Burch—“Yes, that’s off the dressing.”



V. T. S.—“What does the sound of a klaxon horn remind you of?”

Alfred S.—“An old sow with her head caught in a bucket.”



Mr. Smith—“Name the largest known diamond.”
Gladys Y.—“The Ace.”



Gladys Younglove—“Do you rag?”
Ray Chatfield—“Chew or dance?”

Mr. Smith to Physics class—“I wouldn’t say this to Freshmen and Sophomores. It would be like throwing pearls to swine.”



A Beach Encounter

I shot her—a glance.
I hit—her fancy.
I struck—her acquaintance.
I tickled—her vanity.
I smothered her—with kisses.
She touched me—for sixty dollars!



Mystery!

Why does Miss D. preach about etiquette when it is so well understood that well bred people never mention their etiquette?

But then, she took a course of etiquette in “college” and I suppose she ought to know.



Pres. M. B. J.—“Can everyone go to the Freshman bob party?”

Margaret H.—“I can, I guess, if we have it in the day time, and my mother comes along.”



Miss Terry during history test—“John, where is your paper and pencil?”

John—“I could write all I know on a postage stamp.”



Miss May—“What is the main part of a horse?”

Freddie Metcalf—“Why, the hair on his neck.”

Don't You Dare Tell a Soul

By LYLA KENNEDY

"Please Robert, tell me. You know I wouldn't tell a soul," begged Lucille.

"But what if you let it slip? Then the whole class would blame me," answered her brother. "But if you will promise not to tell, I'll let you in on it. The Freshmen are going to have their first party of the season tonight at Brook's farm. We don't want the rest of the school to get a hold of it." "Well! Is that all? From the way you were guarding it, I thought it must be something very important." "You wanted to know badly enough anyway," said Robert, not liking the way his sister spoke.

"About an hour later Lucille met her best friend. Oh! I know where the Freshmen are going for their party, and if you'll promise not to tell a soul, I'll tell you," she cried. Her friend stated fervently that she would never say a word to anybody, and in an instant the secret was out. Before an hour was over this friend whispered it to her brother, an active member of the Sophomore class. That was enough, they did not need to tell another person.

That evening at seven a large car wound its way slowly out of the town. Always keeping on the dark side of the road, it followed two other cars about a quarter of a mile ahead. As the inmates of the car expected, their prey turned the corner at Brook's farm, and stopped at the gate. Shadowy forms were seen for an instant, then they moved slowly ahead.

Lights burned all over the house, and for an hour the Sophomores sat in the shadows at the corner. At last one said, "You know the Freshies are always a little bit timid about staying out late. Well it's half past nine now. I think they will begin to spread out the eats, and its time for us to arrive on the scene. This seemed sensible to the

rest, so they started toward the big house in which the lights were still burning.

Slipping up on the porch, they paused an instant to give the Sophomore yell, but as they did so, the lights were snuffed out all over the house. "Trying to hide, well we'll soon see," and flinging open the door they entered. All was quiet and upon turning on the lights they found everything in perfect order. "They're upstairs maybe," suggested one. So upstairs they went, slipping noiselessly up the heavily padded stairs. Here too, as below, all was quiet and dark, but under one door gleamed a little rim of light.

They opened the door and were preparing to step in, when a voice startled them: "Say! What are you doing here? you better git. Can't a man sleep peaceably?" and a load of shot rattled against the door. The Sophomores decided to go, and lost no time in carrying out their decision. Down the walk they went, shot rattling against the trees asead of them.

Arriving at their car they found two of the wheels removed, and off the other two the tires were gone. They did their best to fix it, but it was eleven before they were ready to go. At the cross roads, about a mile from town a heavily laden bus swept into the road ahead of them. Ear splitting and triumphant yells were as salt to the open wounds of the Sophomores. They were very glad when they reached the town and turned off on a side street, leaving the main one to the Freshies.

The next morning Lucille said to her brother, "Did you have a nice time last night, or did the Sophomores find you?" He looked at her a moment, then grinned knowingly. "I'll tell you, but don't you dare tell a soul," he said.

Howard Bradley—"How do you ever keep from getting sea sick?"

Frank Tomas—"Don't know, why?"

H. B.—"Why bolt your meals.



Myron Kinney—"I had a friend who suffers terribly from the heat."

Irene Hardy—"Why, where does he live?"

M. K.—"He isn't living."



Lester DuMontelle—"There was a man here this morning who said he would give anything to see you."

Florence Logan—"Who was he?"

L. D.—"A blind man."



Willabelle W.—"Time must hang heavy on your hands."

Bob Nichols—"Why honey?"

W. W. (recklessly)—"Well, you wear a wrist watch."



Marjorie Hall—"Why is it that the shades of night are falling fast?"

Ray C.—"Because the people inside are going to bed."

Mutt—"Ain't nature wonderful?"

Zig—"Why?"

Mutt—"She gives us all faces, but we can pick our own teeth."



Marian Styles—"Oh dear, I have to learn to swim this summer."

W. Fedde—"I thought George taught you to swim."

M. S.—"No longer engaged to George."

Arthur P.—"I want to get a chicken."

Butcher—"Want a pullet?"

Arthur—"No you Nutt, I want to carry it."



Marjorie Hall (after the dance)—"You're a Freshman, aren't you?"

Burdell Johnson—"Pardon me, I didn't mean to hold you so tight."



Teacher (pointing to a map)—"What is this William?"

Bill—"A dirty finger."

John Cook—"I'd hate to be in that state."

Harry S.—"What state?"

J. C.—"State of matrimony?"

H. S.—"Must be the United States heh?"

J. C.—"No—Maryland."



Francis Fetzer—"Have you read "Freckles?"

Freida Evans—(quickly)—"Oh no! that's my veil."



Miss Bowman (English III)—"We will take Washington's 'Farewell Address' for tomorrow."

James Lamport—"Why who gave that address anyhow?"



Teacher to Cora—"Cora, your mouth is open."

Cora, "I know it, I opened it."

Teacher in General Science—"Why are the days longer in the summer than in the winter?"

Brilliant Archie—"Because heat expands and cold contracts."

The fat man leans against the door,
And puffs and rubs his bean.
He eats so much it makes him fat
And that's what makes him lean.



—Anonymous.

Here's to the Kaiser,
The limberger cheese,
May the swell in his head
Go down to his knees.
May he break his blamed neck
On the Hindenburg line—
And go to H—— croaking
The "Watch on the Rhine."



English III. Miss Bowman—"Who wrote the "Broken Heart?"

Lawrence—"He was no friend of mine."



V. T. (in Com. Geography)—"They are now making clothes from spun glass."

G. A. Y.—"Why, how can they wear them?"

V. T.—Oh, they're rather transparent, but not anymore than some of the clothes girls are now wearing."



In Solid Geometry

Mr. S.—"Read the historical note please, James."

James—"Plato (429-348 B. C.) How can that be? He must have lived backwards."



Useful Waste—Two pretty girls kissing each other.

Lester D.—"Time decides everything."
Harry S.—"I'd like to kill time."



Bob—"Say Walter, what would you rather do than fight?"

Walter—"I don't know, what?"

Bob—"Run."



Miss Bowman to Burdell—"Milton, you would get more done if you wouldn't smile at the girls so much."



There was a young lad named Kinney
Who wasn't exactly skinny.
He works on the farm—
Is his dad's "right arm."
Yes! Myron takes care of the guinea!!!



Miss Terry in American History—"Do the Indians take to education much, Gladys?"

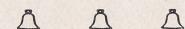
G. A. Y.—"Why! They're smarter than the white people."

Mutt—"They may be smarter than 'some,' yes."

Walter Scott in Zoology—"White sheep eat more than black sheep."

Miss May—"Why, Walter?"

Walter—"There are more of them."



Lucy—"Are you going to the show, Marian?"

Marian—"I don't know. It all depends on whether a certain person has nerve to come up to the Red Cross rooms and ask me before a bunch of girls."

Mr. Johnston (in agriculture)—“Donald, where do Poll Durhams come from?”

Eggie—“Poland.”

Mr. S. (in Geom.)—“Arthur what is a chord?”

A. J. P.—“A cord is a piece of string used to tie bundles up with.”



Mr. S. (in Solid Geometry) giving an illustration of symmetry and equality—“You can’t put your right hand on your left hand with palms down and have them coincide in outline.”

Mutt—“No, but you can on some one else’s.”



Questions

1. If Alfred is rough, is Gertrude (Gert-rude)?
2. If Florence is class, is Miss Marian Styles?
3. If Arthur tripped on a rock, would it make budweiser (Bud wiser)?
4. If John kicked Lawrence B., would it make birch bark?
- If D. S. grew whiskers, would Harry Shaffer (shave her)?
6. If Miss May turns red, is Warren Gray?
7. If Bill steals a chicken will Atherton Cook it?



Want A—

Wanted—“A little pep.” Dallach.

Wanted—“Stilts.” Ruth Benjamin.

Wanted—“A perfect recitation from everyone.” Faculty.

Wanted—“A Spring Vacation.” M. H. S.

Wanted—“A razor.” V. T. Smith.

Wanted—“A hook in Freshmen hall for Thelma Larkins.”

Light Occupations

1. Shaving warts from pickles.
2. Milking a herd of cocoanuts.
3. Herding Fords.
4. Making a coffin for a “dead head.”
5. Manicuring horse shoe nails.
6. Drawing a picture of beer.
7. Giving fleas a head shampoo.
8. Resetting broken bones in a table leg.
9. Making glass eyes for potatoes.
10. Wiping the mouth of Mammoth Cave.
11. Trying to find a hook in the north hall to hang your hat and coat on at 8:40 and 1:00.
12. Trying to find out who Gladys Y. goes with.
13. Fitting a sock on a foot-note.



Limericks

There was once a “Mutt” named McKee
Who went out one night on a spree;
He “rambled” all night,
And came home a sight,
But couldn’t get in for he lost the key.
There was once a young lad named Price,
Who lived on molasses and rice,
But he increased in weight,
And this was his fate,
Because his stature was nonconcise.



There is a young guy named Keller
Who sure is a peach of a feller,
When playing football
He was jumped on by all
And bumped on his poor little smeller.

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Wouldn't It Be Funny If—

1. Opal got her German lesson alone?
2. There was a word Miss Terry could not pronounce?
3. The Seniors thought not of themselves?
4. Ray C. didn't blush so?
5. Arthur P. would stop arguing in English III?
6. Wm. P. had a perfect lesson?
7. Marian Styles had a perfect assembly?
8. There wasn't a staff meeting?
9. Norma would leave the boys alone?
10. The boys would be good to Miss May?
11. Dorothy Smith wouldn't flirt so?
12. Lawrence Burch would stay awake?
13. Elizabeth Jensen would not yawn?
14. Harry S. would not get "canned" from bookkeeping?
15. Opal wasn't forever writing letters of different types.
16. "Fetz" wasn't limping?



Indefinite.

Miss Bowman—"The one who wins the contest will be sent to Kankakee."

Gray—"It must be awful to die!"

Scott—"Oh! I don't know. That is the last thing I'm going to do."

Miss Terry is very fond of golf, but we have our reasons for believing she likes "Tennis" best.



Miss Bowman (In English IV)—"Tomas, give those three facts over again."

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School
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Calendar

- Sept. 4. Oh! Hum! Here we are again.
- Sept. 4. By Heck! Let's go to the County Fair.
- Sept. 5. Football practice.
- Sept. 6. Oh, you Freshmen, think you'll ever grow?
- Sept. 7. Sh! Don't tell anybody, promise not, cross you heart? Mr. Smith has a mustache. Tee! hee!
- Sept. 11. Whose pretty baby are you now, Dorothy?
- Sept. 12. Freshman—"Where do I sit? I sat here yesterday."
- Sept. 13. Miss Bowman—"Now be careful, boys; I have my eyes on you."
- Sept. 14. Myron falls down stairs.
- Sept. 17. Mr. Smith receives a letter from the "Red Lung" including a bar of shaving soap.
- Sept. 18. Thelma seems to like peanuts.
- Sept. 19. Willabele goes Fording, who with? (R. L.)
- Sept. 20. Queen contest; Dorothy Smith and Florence Logan chosen.
- Sept. 21. Willabele leaves Geometry by request. Myron falls off his chair in Com. room.
- Sept. 24. John C. goes to sleep again.
- Sept. 25. Lawrence comes back to school for a change and is requested to go home after an excuse. Poor boy!
- Sept. 26. Football Between H. S. Captains, Francis Fetzer and John Condon. Big wins, 13 to 12.

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Calendar

Sept. 27. Exciting movies in the gymnasium.

Sept. 28. Myron K. falls down stairs again.



October 1. Chicago Heights defeats M. H. S., 39 to 0. Ziggy is elected captain.

October 2. Ask the Freshies if they had a good time at the Freshman party. The Sophs seemed to enjoy themselves more than the Freshies.

October 3. Harry Shaffer—"Have you a friend, sister, uncle, or anyone to whom you could sell a year book?"

October 4. Why does Willabele look so blue? ? ?

A strike is threatened if the Faculty does not dismiss school Friday.

October 5. Where did Fred Wiltse and Bill Conrad go and whose car did they sit in till the wee hours? (we saw 'em).

October 8. Momence H. S. wins football game with Onarga, 34 to 7. Pug makes a recitation in English!

October 9. Lester Sanstrom on this day decides that he was a man, so he flourishes a new pair of long pants for humanity's sake.

October 10. Six week tests start.

October 11. More tests. Mr. Smith finds a few boys loitering in the halls and puts a severe punishment on them by making them stay a half hour after school and study.

Calendar

October 12. Chaucer is teaching the English IV class how to swear. Naughty! Naughty!

October 15. Freddie Metcalf sports a pair of long trousers.

October 16. What did Willabele tell Genevieve? (We know but we won't tell).

October 17. Freshies—"Where's the mate to my rubber?" "Where's my cap?" "Anybody seen my umbrella?" Some mystery.

October 18. Report cards.

October 19. Patriotic Pageant.

October 22. Where was Andy last night? (We know, he gave it all away).

October 23. James receives a package from Sears, Roebuck containing a most elaborate pair of trousers, which he wore to school.

October 24. Pug comes to school with a black eye that is swollen shut and thinks we had a rather rough football practice last night. At noon he rang the bell and was excused for the rest of the day. Pug says that it was the end of a "Perfect Day."

October 25. Theodore Johnson didn't know the stairs were there and had to suffer the consequences. Poor Freshie!

The deep mystery—Who tied the rope on the bell? Ask Walter.

October 26. Myron does today what Theodore did yesterday. We could hear the steps crack down in manual training. Why are Walter and Atherton in the office?

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Calendar

October 29. V. T's razor must have slipped or else the "Red Lung" has been get ing more severe.

Momence defeats Dwight, 42-0.

October 30. General Exercises—Liberty bond themes were read; Harold McKee, first; Kathryn Payne, second; and Ruth Porter, third.

October 31. Harry Shaffer gets expelled for chewing gum (that's just the first offense).



November 1. Reds defeat the Whites in year book con-test, 162 to 146.

November 2. Mutt crushes a terrible monster to death under his heel. (That boy certainly knows how to make a hit with the girls).

5. St. Viators defeats M. H. S., 7 to 0.

November 6. Nöthin' doin'.

November 7. Marjorie has an awful calamity in Algebra II.

November 8. Opal gets a lay-off. First number of Sen-i-or Lecture Course.

November 9. Who turned the lights out at the Sopho-more party and left them all in the dark?

November 12. Hitting the line! A tragedy staged on Kentland's football field.

November 13. Harry tears his clothes and finds it neces-sary to go home and change them.

Calendar

November 14. High School students and teachers give \$400 to the Y. M. C. A.

November 15. Andrew and Burdell exchange mean words and come to blows.

November 16. Myron falls down stairs. Still again!

November 19. Momence defeats Dwight in football, 24-0.

November 20. Freshies have their pictures taken. Ask the photographer how they acted.

November 21. Fight in Modern History. Burch knocked out.

November 22. No school tomorrow! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

November 26. Who knows why they call Lawrence R. "Stogie?"

November 27. John given another lay off.

November 28. Diet today. Turkey tomorrow. Bed Friday and Saturday.



December 3. From the looks of the vacant seats there must be a few in bed yet. Too much turkey.

M. H. S. wins game with overalls, 27-0. Last game of the season.

December 4. Alfred gives us a tune on the piano in Geometry class.

December 5. Second number on Senior Lecture Course.

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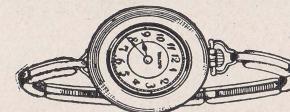
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Calendar

December 6. Why does Willabele blush so lately.

December 7. John gets stubborn in English III. Year book banquet tomorrow night.

December 10. From the looks of the assembly some one must have been having a good time the third period.

December 11. Someone uses Walter and Paul as a billboard and they are given the privilege of showing the H. S. what good advertisers they are.

December 12. Willabele seems to still believe in Santa Claus. Don't you Billie?

December 13. Lucy Hayden says a Ford can be run with one hand. Ah, Lucy, are you joking?

December 14. Mutt had a sad accident and spends the greater part of the night sewing. He says that he nearly froze to death before he reached home. For further particulars, ask him.

December 17. Bob party. Oh Boy! You know the setting: a beautiful moon, starry night, sleigh bells jingling, merry laughter. But remember, we had chaperones.

18. Ask James who kissed Florence Logan on her birthday. Someone says that she was kissed on the cheek instead of on her birthday.

December 19. Jack tries to tell the English III class about a fellow who chopped wood with his left eye. Jack, you didn't do that did you?

December 20. Howard Bradley shows the Physics class what a windy guy he is.

Calendar

December 21. We're going to have a two weeks vacation. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



January 7. Back again. Oh, dear! Life is full of one d— thing after another.

January 8. The staff has its picture taken. I don't think its a very good picture. Do you?

January 9. Why do all the boys tease Miss Terry so about the country?

January 10. Where do the girls get those (hug me tights?)

January 11. Myron takes another notion to fall down the icy steps.

January 14. Burch gives us a dance down in the gym. Graceful? Oh dear!

January 15. What's the matter with V. T. today? Anybody know?

January 16. Woman's suffrage in High School? Well, I guess! Miss Dallach is doing police work out in the halls.

January 17. First arrest. Harry gets pulled for the afternoon. Frank has to pay a fine by staying after school.

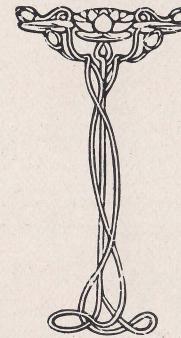
January 18. Who said something about smoking in the school building? Ask Pug and Mutt. They denied it.

January 21. Milford skunked, 56-14.

January 22. See the new sweater on Gen. Where d'ye get 'tum.

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Calendar

January 23. Exams tomorrow. Lawdy, Massy!

January 24. I'm flunkin', help!

January 25. Nothin' doin'. Just exams.

January 28. All you hear is just Flink! Flink!

January 29. Pat gives us a lecture in the gym, about his adventures.

"Everybody happy, nobody sore,
What's the excitement? Exams are o'er."

January 30. Does anyone know what that petition that Miss Dallach took from Tomas was about?



February 1. Lecture course. Who sat in row 11, section A, seats 6 and 7?

February 4. Why does Myron always go by Florence B's desk when he asks to speak the fourth period?

February 5. Where did Pimo get that new onion set stick pin, and what hit him in the head when he was admiring it? Who knows?

February 6. Jack Cook and Howard Bradley go cutter riding. They don't want me to tell what happened.

February 7. Jazzbo chases No. 25 home from Grant Park. Durn near winded him.

February 8. Myron repeats his same old actions. Dearie! Dearie me!

February 11. M. H. S. defeats St. Anne, 16-14.

February 12. Marion shows her ability as a teacher.

Calendar

February 13. What could V. T. have asked Burch to make him turn so pale?

February 14. "To my valentine." Tee! Hee!
Fourth number of Lecture Course.

February 15. Kankakee defeats M. H. S. in basket ball.

February 18. Why does Fred W. always pick out a particular seat in the assembly?

February 19. Myron gives us a new kind of a spill.

February 20. Extra! "My rubbers aren't mates,"—Freshie.

February 21. Someone decorates the class schedule, putting in a few extra studies.

February 22. Everybody is just about crazy because there is no school this afternoon. Momence defeats Watseka, 19 to 8.

February 25. We are having nine periods a day now. School until 4:45 and 5:30. Guess it must be on account of the war.

February 26. Just informed that we would go to school on Saturdays instead. Someone told me that T. R. carries a hair brush with him.

February 27. Physics class makes a charge. No not a "Charge of the Light Brigade,"—only a battery charge.

February 28. To look at the cloak hall one would think that there were a great many Pats in Momence.

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Calendar

March 1. Momence defeats Morocco, 28 to 1.

March 2. Tie a calf up for a week, then turn him loose and he will jump and run about lively. You may compare him with us, going to school on Saturday. O! How tiresome!

March 4. Myron shows his strength by breaking a desk while leaning on it. Something else will have to show its strength now. That's Myron's pocketbook. Poor "little" fat boy!

March 5. Grant Parker's get stuck in the mud.

March 6. Junior Red Cross organized. Howard wants the floor.

March 7. Arthur decides that he has the measles and goes over to talk to T. R. about that very serious matter.

March 8. Some questions today—Why does everybody laugh at Milton? Why does Evelyn take typewriting the third period in the afternoon? Why does she always use a certain typewriter?

March 9. Another one of those mysterious mysteries—How did paper get all over the South room floor? Burch has too much Radeke at the game last night.

March 11. Happy comes back to school looking just as big and healthy as ever. Guess he does not starve even when he is sick.

Calendar

March 12. John told me that Arthur told him that Francis told him that Alfred told him that Freida has the measles.

March 13. There are four naughty boys, Seniors too, who won't do as Miss Dallach tells them. Boo! Hoo!

March 14. Roy spends a half hour after school with Mr. Smith. It's not because he wanted to. It's just because he did.

March 15. Anyone know where Andy is?

March 16. Juniors win in Junior Red Cross. Yea! Bo!

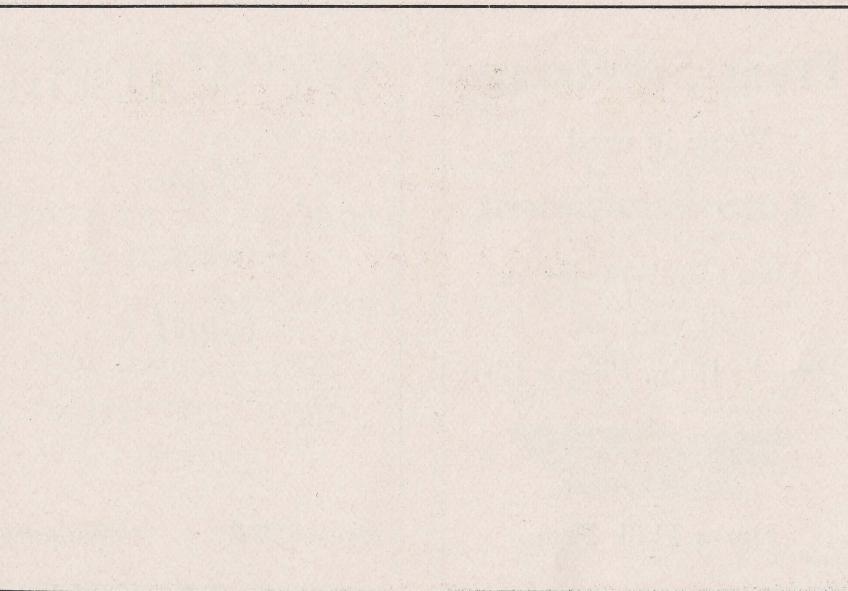
March 18. Myron tries to break a record in pole vaulting but he nearly broke something else.

March 19. Arthur must have a girl from the way he talked in English III. Wonder who she is?

March 20. Physics class takes a hike. Ask Roy C. how he likes the left hand drive and the right hand squeeze.

March 21. T. R. J. had callers in the office. Miss Dallach was the reception committee. That's all we know, but anyway Harry is back to school.

March 22. Ask Lucy and Doris to explain the attraction over in the S. E. corner of the assembly the fifth period.



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Calendar

March 23. Big attraction! Bulla Bullas! The Freshman party is raided and the Freshies are scared stiff.

March 24. Sixteen boys get a lay-off and go to the Six Mile Grove. Oh, yes! There were six more but they just came for fun.

P. S. Sixteen boys at school board meeting.

March 25. School running right today. No more a girl's boarding school.

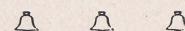
March 26. Miss Roberts postponed gymnasium class because she and Miss Dallach had to "Rock the Cradle."

March 27. Slips! Watch out! There, I told you. Myron fell again.

March 28. Miss Bowman was the show good last night?

March 29. Harry has his troubles.

March 30. 'twas a week ago tonight.



April 1. Myron goes down the stairs without falling. April Fool! No he didn't.

April 2. Another perfect day.

April 3. Jazzbo makes a good lady; that is if he has a dress on.

April 4. Tacks! Tacks! Ouch! Ouch!

April 5. Bulla Bulla's have their pictures taken.

Calendar

April 6. Junior-Senior Reception! Ask Roy C. about his flight in the Ford.

April 8. James shows his ability by imitating Daniel Webster.

April 9. Harold Cromwell visits school. Does anyone know why?

April 11. Marian walks around the school house ledge. Nix.

April 12. "A Mix-up."

April 13. Martin Henry—"I'm Queen of the May."

Why does Horch look embarrassed?

April 15. Walter Scott, our most highly esteemed poet, has a habit of stuffing the black can with his elaborate pieces of poetry.

April 16. Hank lights a cigarette for the stuffed duck in the lab. and Hank goes home to spend the day.

April 17. April Juniors and Seniors win baseball game from the Freshmen and Sophomores.

April 18. A shirt stuffed with waste paper was found leaning against the main hall this morning. Now who put that ridiculous thing there?

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Calendar

April 19. Guess Doris must be going to set up a jewelry shop from the looks of the collection.

April 20. No more school on Saturdays.

April 22. Walter, you leave the girls alone.

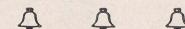
April 23. Howard B. takes dinner at M. E. parsonage.

April 24. Si, Hiram, and Ezra hired a few boys from M. H. S. to work for them and they have gone to work for them on the farms.

April 25. No school tomorrow. We're going on a picnic.

April 29. Nothin' doin', except Myron fell down stairs again.

April 30. Charles takes a ride with a lot of girls. Why, Charlie, we always thought you were bashful.



May 1. Why did Ray blush so when he passed his father in a car the other Sunday?

May 2. Warren has changed his mind a good deal. We don't blame him. We wish him better luck next time.

May 3. Ask Roy C. and Jack C. about the previous unlucky Friday.

May 4. Going on my vacation. So long, Jazzbo.

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Conclusion

Here you are at the end of the year book, which you have no doubt read through very patiently, wondering if the last page would never appear. But this is all and we thank you for the kind attention with which you have perused every page of our efforts. It was our aim to please, and if you still wear a "beaming countenance" when arriving at the conclusion, we feel that our aim has been fully realized.

Farewell !!

STAFF OF '18.

Friends of my youth, a last adeau!
Haply some day we meet again;
Yet ne'er the self-same men shall meet;
The years shall make us other men.

—The Kasidah.



